THE ACADEMY

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1772 APRIL 21, 1906 PRICE THREEPENCE

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C. R. HODGSON, B.A., Secretary.

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THE LOST EARL OF ELLAN. By Mrs. CAMPBELL PRAED. [*May.*

THE FERRY OF FATE: a Tale of Russian Jewry. By SAMUEL GORDON, Author of "Sons of the Covenant." [*May.*

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THE LITERARY WEEK

IN Dr. Richard Garnett literature has lost a man who has hitherto not been valued as he should be. We say literature, not learning. His services to learning—and especially to other people's learning—were notorious. From the days when, on his first joining the staff of the Museum, he used to master the contents of books in the time which other men took to master their title-pages, to the days when, a profitable "ghost," he revisited the haunts he had laboured in, he was an invaluable servant or master of the Library, a man of prodigious knowledge, accurate memory, and unfailing courtesy. Perhaps he made things too easy. His great work, the printed catalogue, was supplemented by that greater work, his own mind. One got into the habit of saving oneself trouble. "Ask Dr. Garnett" was an easy way out of all difficulties; however trifling the difficulty or foolish the inquirer, Dr. Garnett always treated both as if they were worthy of his attention. It became a habit. People used to ask him questions long after he had ceased to sit in the ring. He would look up from investigations of his own to reply with bland indulgence and a smile on his Socratic countenance.

It has been truly said of him that he regarded his own learning as held by him in trust for the public. He never refused, on principle, to give the public the advantage of it, whether the public were represented by a troublesome inquirer at the Museum or the readers of English Classics who wanted an introduction to the text. Work which men of a different temper might have considered "beneath" them appeared to him to be an opportunity of fulfilling his trust; and time which he might have spent adding to his fame as an original writer was often given to humbler but, in his view, perhaps, therefore higher tasks. It fell to us once to take—outside the Museum—his style and address. "LL.D., I think?" he was asked. "Yes," he smiled. Then the smile widened. "*And* C.B.," he added. "Let us put on all our frills." The idea of Dr. Garnett, the most modest of men, putting on frills will appeal to all who knew him. But perhaps if he had put on more frills as an author, if his original work had not been placed second to what he considered his duty to the public service, the author of "The Twilight of the Gods" would be rated to-day more nearly as he will be twenty years hence. That unique book is known and valued by a few as one of the choicest things on their shelves and in their minds. Learning there is in it, of course; but there are other things as well; fresh, whimsical, tender imagination; poetry, that somehow expressed itself better in that form than in his professed poems; and a certain boyishness of heart that lasted till the end, and kept the long life sweet and vigorous to the last.

Many of our readers may know the sonnet that follows. It has been chosen out of the collected edition of Dr. Garnett's poems (Mathews and Lane) for inclusion in more than one anthology, but its appropriateness and its beauty are excuse enough for giving it here:

> I will not rail, or grieve when torpid eld
> Frosts the slow-journeying blood, for I shall see
> The lovelier leaves hang yellow on the tree,
> The nimbler brooks in icy fetters held.
> Methinks the aged eye that first beheld
> The fitful ravage of December wild,
> Then knew himself indeed dear Nature's child,
> Seeing the common doom, that all compelled.
> No kindred we to her belovèd broods,
> If, dying these, we drew a selfish breath;
> But one path travel all her multitudes,
> And none dispute the solemn Voice that saith:
> "Sun to thy setting; to your autumn, woods;
> Stream to thy sea; and man unto thy death!"

That Dr. Garnett was no Dryasdust may be gathered from the fact that it was he who only a month or two since introduced to the world the poems of Miss Rosalind Travers, with a particularly sympathetic and wise preface to her volume, "The Two Arcadias." And while we write we find that the first article in the first number of a new review, *The Twentieth Century Quarterly*, is headed "A New Poet," and is an examination by Professor Dowden of the work of the same Miss Rosalind Travers. Seldom does a young poet find two such names to back her first volume; but seldom does a young poet so deserve the honour. It is not only that Miss Travers can turn a lyric which has the true fire in it, the "little more" which is not much but all. She has what too few young poets have nowadays —something to say. Her Arcadia is no mere "pastorality": it stands for the dignity of good manners and simple lives, which the motor-cars and excursion trains and building estates and city ways of our own day are rapidly destroying.

She idealises, of course. No country village is Arcadia: in proportion to the population there is as much brutality, vulgarity and offence in the village as in the town. But we are not to read her literally. Arcadia, to Miss Travers, is really a state of mind or of being; the calm, self-contained, proper pride of the old days, before the scurry and competition and greed of to-day came to ruin our nerves, our tempers and our manners. The general note of this remarkable book is an appeal for Sparta against Athens, for simplicity and restraint against laxity and excitement —an appeal that is made sometimes by graphic description, sometimes by biting satire, sometimes by pure and lofty eloquence. The circle of Miss Travers's admirers is widening and her book deserves all the praise it receives.

In the same review, *The Twentieth Century Quarterly* (the publishers are Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall), we find an article in defence of Froude by Mr. A. W. Evans, inspired by Mr. Herbert Paul's "Life of Froude," a book which did much to restore its subject to the position he ought to hold. But Mr. Evans's advocacy seems to us to go a little further than wisdom would have counselled. "No man ever valued truth more highly" is an extravagant phrase to apply to a man of Froude's temper and methods. He honestly believed that his side of the case was the just one, but he was the advocate, not the philosopher. The one is quick to seize the points that tell for his side: the other keeps a constant and eager outlook for anything that may tell against his view, and when he discovers it considers it as if his dearest wish were to find his view wrong. Mr. Evans, in fact, is defending Froude on the wrong lines. One of the clearest proofs of his marvellous ability is the fact that he was, on the whole, accurate in spite of, not because of, his methods and ideals.

For the rest, the new Review devotes a good deal of its space to theology in theory and practice, and has articles also on political and military questions of the day, and a

good sheaf of reviews—mainly theological—at the end. All the articles are signed, and the publication is finely printed and pleasant to hold.

The minor poet most frequently finds it difficult to discover a fresh name for his booklet, but the difficulty has been brilliantly overcome by one of the latest of the bards, Mr. Arthur Lewis to wit. He calls his tiny volume "Thirty Rhymes," and thus ought to solve the difficulty for many others. The next poet might call his thirty-one, and so on to, say, a million; while we suppose that when that point is reached the series could be begun over again by using a letter of the alphabet as they do in numbering motor-cars. "Verses A 40" would be a splendid title.

Mr. Lewis also indulges in the luxury of a colophon, as thus: "Here ends this book of rhymes, which, be they what they may, are to be sold only by Elkin Mathews in Vigo St. London W." He sends us by the same post a long poem called "A Pompeian Episode," to which also he has affixed a colophon. It reads: "Put into print in the winter of this year one thousand nine hundred and six and is to be sold by Elkin Mathews in Vigo Street London West." This gives a pleasant air of antiquity to his productions, which are further distinguished by a neglect of the convention that each line of verse should begin with a capital letter. Concerning the merits of the poem, no doubt our verse-taster will have something to say anon.

It is with regret that our readers will hear of the death of a gifted woman of letters in the person of Mrs. Nora Chesson. She died last Saturday of heart failure, following the birth of her baby about a fortnight previously. For about fifteen years Mrs. Chesson has been before the public, to whom she was probably better known under her maiden name of Nora Hopper. In later days her poetry had lost some of its freshness, but on its first appearance it attracted the attention of those who love good verse by its fine melody and the obvious sympathy and interest of the writer. She did not confine her attentions to verse, but was also a good prose writer, doing a considerable amount of reviewing and other journalistic work. About a year ago she published her first novel, "The Bell and the Arrow." It met with a very friendly reception, and, as at the time of her death she was only a little over thirty, there was good reason for hoping that it was only the beginning of a series. Mrs. Chesson, who was of Irish-Welsh parentage, wrote with such feeling for, and apparently intimate acquaintance with, Ireland, that it will come as a surprise to many to learn that she visited that country for the first time only recently. The visit gave her great pleasure, and she returned even more filled with enthusiasm for Ireland than before. She was a very brave and resolute woman, who carried on her writing under circumstances that might well have daunted a less courageous heart. She will be sincerely mourned by a large circle of literary friends and acquaintances.

We are not surprised that the *Times* reporter who took down Canon Hensley Henson's Easter Sunday sermon wrote "soulless" when the preacher said something else. What else? *Soulish!* Was there ever a more hideous word? To see it in print is to want to rhyme it either with "ghoulish" or "foolish." Canon Henson is unable to translate σῶμα ψυχικόν without it: the very test of a translator is his ability to express the meaning of his original in the accepted words of his own tongue. Science, we know, has long been unable to express itself in the English language; is the craze for "scientific" theology to result in a corresponding barbarism? Preachers should remember that, since many people go to hear them who never read books, they are, with the liturgy and the Bible, among the most important guardians of good English.

A correspondent writes, complaining that a recently published volume of short stories is issued in such a manner as to suggest that it is a novel. The title-page says nothing about "and other stories;" the list of stories is numbered with Roman numerals as if the titles were chapter-headings: and the title of the first story, which is also that of the book, appears as head-line on the left hand page throughout. This is not the first instance that has come under our notice of a practice against which the buyer of books has, we think, a right to complain. But the point is a nice one. It may happen that the title of the first story represents, in a manner, or gives the key-note of all the stories in the volume; in which case the publisher has just—but only just—the right to give that title on the title-page alone, and continue it through the book as a head-line. The use of Roman numerals opposite the titles of the stories in the list is, also, defensible by a publisher who cared to defend it. A publisher of the first rank, however, would probably be very careful to avoid all appearance of misleading the public by making it very clear in every possible manner that the work was not a continuous narrative. Those who consult the "Books Received" in the ACADEMY will usually find that a volume of short stories is so designated in the notes to that list.

The sale has just been effected in Venice of the Palazzo Rezzonico, the palace where Robert Browning died in 1889, and which for so many years has been connected with his memory and considered almost as a hallowed spot by many whose cult for the great poet extends to all that was in any way linked with his name. The palace never belonged to the poet; it was bought by his son and daughter-in-law, and it was while on a visit to them that Robert Browning contracted his last illness and died under their roof, tended to the last by loving hands, and with the echoes of the success of "Asolando" winging their way from England. The palace contained many relics of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, but these have now been all removed, and the vast building, shorn of these precious memories, has passed into the hands of Count Lionel de Hierschel di Minerbi, of a rich Jewish family of Trieste. The price paid for it is said to be 700,000 francs—about £28,000.

The Rezzonico palace, built from the designs of Longhena in the seventeenth century, contains a fine ceiling by Tiepolo and two splendid statues by Alessandro Vittoria, besides boasting of one of the finest and largest bedrooms in all Venice. It also possesses a lovely mezzanin or entresol, in which the rooms known as the Pope's rooms (from Eugenius IV., who was a member of the Rezzonico family) are beautifully decorated with stucco-work. In these rooms some two years ago Mrs. Humphry Ward wrote the chapters in "The Marriage of William Ashe" of which the scenes are laid in Venice.

Among the pious pilgrims who assembled in their thousands at Stratford-on-Avon on Monday, one party of motorists so distinguished themselves that it is to be regretted their identity cannot be disclosed. It was an imposing car, and the proprietor was clearly proud of it and of himself and in no mood to brook any delay in getting through the ceremony of inspecting the register of Shakespeare's birth and death, which had to be "done" while the car panted. All other pilgrims were, therefore, remorselessly elbowed aside, while the party ranged themselves round the glass case containing the records. Triumphantly pointing out the entries with their distinguishing marks, the proprietor of the car explained:

"You see he couldn't write, so made his mark." "But, papa," interposed his daughter, "you couldn't expect him to write when he was only two days old or after he was dead." "Nonsense," replied Paterfamilias testily, "my remark was perfectly reasonable. It is well known that in those days few people could either read or write."

Mr. George Eyre-Todd, in the second edition of his interesting volume, "The Glasgow Poets," first published three years ago, includes short biographies and specimens of the poetical work of William Freeland, author of "A Birth Song, and other Poems," and Robert Ford, a verse-writer and collector of oral and written songs in several of the Scottish counties, who died last year. There are no fewer than sixty-six Glasgow makars included in Mr. Eyre-Todd's anthology, among the number being Smollett, Thomas Campbell, Motherwell, Pollok, Alexander Smith, David Gray, and Robert Buchanan—names that give a distinction to Glasgow as a literary centre which we do not usually accord the Second City.

A Festival entirely devoted to the works of Beethoven and Berlioz is to be held at the Theatres de l'Opera et du Chatelet, Paris, beginning April 20, and ending May 1, organised by M. Gabriel Astruc. Six concerts in all are announced, four of which are devoted to the works of the Bonn master. Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust" is to be performed with Mlle. Breval, M. Van Dyck Delmas and Nivette in the caste. The Concerts will take place on the afternoons of April 20, 23, 25, 27, and 29, and one evening Concert on May 1, when Beethoven's Choral Symphony will be given. Mr. Felix Weingartner will be Conductor, and the Lamoureux Orchestra and the Oratorium Vereeniging of Amsterdam Chorus will be under his direction.

The following are among forthcoming events:

During the first week in May, which is the second week of his Shakespearean Festival, Mr. F. R. Benson will perform at Stratford-on-Avon the three parts of *King Henry VI.* It is more than a century since the first part was played in England, and neither of the first two parts has been played before by this company. Particulars may be had of the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon.

Two works new to Covent Garden will be produced during the coming Royal Opera season. They are Cornelius's *Barber of Bagdad* and Poldini's *The Princess and the Vagabond.* Dr. Richter will conduct. The season opens on May 3 with *Tristan und Isolde.*

Messrs. D. Heinemann of Munich will hold an Exhibition of German Art during the season in the Grafton Galleries from May 2 till July 10. All the artists belonging to the different Munich Schools are contributing.

The London Shakespeare League.—Commemoration Programme, 1906. April 23, Monday. Meeting of the Council and members of the League at the Hall, Clifford's Inn, Fleet Street, at 8.30 P.M. Shakespearean Songs. April 24, Tuesday. Performance of *Love's Labour's Lost* by the English Drama Society, at the Bloomsbury Hall, New Oxford Street, W.C., at 8 P.M. April 25, Wednesday. Performance of *Love's Labour's Lost* by the English Drama Society, at the Bloomsbury Hall at 3 P.M. and 8 P.M. April 27, Friday. Recital of *Richard II.* by Mr. J. H. Leigh, at the Steinway Hall, Lower Seymour Street, W., at 8.30 P.M. May 4, Friday. Address by Mrs. Craigie. May 5, Saturday. Educational Conference: "Shakespeare and the Schools" at University College, Gower Street, W.C., at 4.30 P.M. Followed by a dinner at the University. Particulars on application to Mrs. G. Laurence Gomme, 24 Dorset Square, N.W. May 9, Wednesday. Reception at the Mansion House by the Rt. Hon. the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress, 8.30 to 10.30. Mr. T. Fairman Ordish, has kindly consented to conduct a ramble to places of Shakespearean interest in London. Members who wish to join the ramble are requested to communicate with Mr. Ordish, 2 Melrose Villas, Ballard's Lane, Finchley. An Exhibition of Shakespeareana will be on view at the British Museum during Shakespeare week and until further notice.

Handicrafts Exhibition under the Patronage of H.H. Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, organised and directed by Mrs. Charles Muller. Grafton Galleries, April 19 to 27 inclusive. Daily and hourly demonstrations will be given in Jewelry-making, Glass-blowing, Lace-making, Basket-making, Bookbinding, Wood-carving, Metal Repoussée, Water-gilding, Spinning and Weaving, Rug-making, Enamels, Embroideries, Tapestries, Mosaics, Marqueterie, Leather Work and many other handicrafts.

Royal Institution of Great Britain, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, W.—The Friday Evening Discourse next week (April 27 at 9 o'clock), will be delivered by Professor John W. Gregory, D.Sc. F.R.S. The subject is "Ore Deposits and their Distribution in Depth." Afternoon Lectures next week. On Tuesday April 24, at 5 o'clock. Professor G. Baldwin Brown, M.A., on "Greek Classical Dress in Life and in Art." (Lecture I.) On Thursday April 26, at 5 o'clock. P. Chalmers Mitchell, Esq., M.A. D.Sc., on "The Digestive Tract in Birds and Mammals." (Lecture I.) On Saturday April 28, at 3 o'clock. Professor Charles Waldstein, Litt.D., Ph.D., on "English Furniture in the Eighteenth Century." (Lecture I.) On Friday May 4. The Hon. C. A. Parsons on "The Steam Turbine on Land and at Sea." On Friday May 11. Professor J. P. Poynting on "Some Astronomical Consequences of the Pressure of Light."

Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge.—Sale of the third and concluding portion of the collection of engravings and drawings of the late Edward Truman, Esq., April 23–28 inclusive. The collection includes topographical views, many relating to London, early engraved portraits, mostly English historical prints, mezzotint portraits, drawings and water-colours by old masters and the English schools, and a large number of the works of George Shepheard, including a series of his original sketch-books.

LITERATURE

THE ART OF ÉMILE ZOLA

Comment Émile Zola Composait Ses Romans. Par Henri Massis. (Bibliothèque-Charpentier, 3 fr. 50 c.)

It can hardly be said that M. Henri Massis has added much to our knowledge in this book, and yet few people who are engaged in the work of literature will fail to read it with close attention. As Zola recedes into the distance it becomes easier to find his place in the gallery of writers. It is claimed for him that he invented his own formula and made his own convention, and it is of the greatest interest to examine the grounds on which this claim is put forward. It is praise that cannot be afforded to very many authors. The one writer to whom it is indisputably due is Cervantes. "Don Quixote" set up a model that was kept, with variations, by some of the greatest writers of imaginative literature. In France his idea was adopted by Le Sage and in England the most illustrious exponent of his method was Henry Fielding, whom Scott appropriately designated as the father of the English novel. Now, it seems to us that the relation between Fielding and Cervantes was very similar to that between Zola and Balzac. Fielding made no pretence of imitating the subject dealt with by his model. "Joseph Andrews" and "Tom Jones" are English, and of the time in which their author lived. Their pages form, in fact, a mirror of country life in the eighteenth century as it was seen through the cynical, good-humoured eyes of Henry Fielding. There is not an English Don Quixote in either of these stories, and if Partridge be a variation of Sancho Panza he still was a creation and not a copy. In principle, all these remarks can be applied to all the English novelists who accepted Fielding as the highest master of their craft. Scott dealt with him as he had done with Cervantes. He too rested chiefly on his portraiture of human nature, and for the most part wrote of it as it had come under his own eyes in his native Scotland. In making choice of the period of "Waverley" he simply went far enough back to obtain a flavour of romance and not so far but that he could adapt the manners of his own time to the necessities of his *dramatis personæ.* In the same way Thackeray worked, although, like the great artist he was, he remained true to his own personality and tried to give us his own vision of things. This, too, was the attitude of Zola to Honoré de Balzac. The scheme of the Rougon-Macquart Family was that of the *Comédie Humaine.* We have the author's own words on it:

"Avant moi, il n'y a que Balzac; le premier il assigna au roman la mission de peindre la société contemporaine sans souci de moralité, ni de beauté; il fut l'initiateur, l'homme de science qui a tracé la voie à tout le XX^e^ siècle. Comme Balzac, je peindrai des hommes de classes différentes; je *ferai* les bourgeois, les financiers, les ouvriers, les prêtres, les artistes, les filles, etc. Il a montré la *Comédie Humaine,* je suivrai son exemple." L'idée de Balzac [adds M. Massis] ne le quitte point; c'est toujours à lui qu'il revient.

But Zola was no imitator. He recognised what was the spirit of his century, a century likely to stand pre-eminent in all time as the period of scientific research and discovery.

Zola's naturalism, his materialism, his application of the doctrine of heredity, his laborious study and still more laborious note-taking were results of the scientific spirit of his age. We may not altogether like the result, but that is not because Zola chose his part unwisely but because he developed the least attractive *trait* of the French character and missed its fine grace and elegance and gaiety. To read one of his novels is like entering into some filthy and disordered congregation of ill-doing men and women. One reads with a sense of rebellion, because of an inborn consciousness that life is never so squalid and degrading as he pictures it, that out of it rise high resolves and hopes, and joyousness that comes from life itself and cannot be entirely quelled and driven back by circumstances. Then, again, as has been said, he accentuates certain of the less alluring features of the French character, and of course this puts him a little out of sympathy with the average Englishman. On this side of the Channel there is a greater sense of decency than on the other, and by decency we do not at this moment mean simply the concealment of sexual relations. For an example of this difference in national character we would rather appeal to death than to passion. The prevailing desire of Englishmen at the moment of death is for quiet and privacy. Our country graves are placed away in a secluded churchyard, and as often as not concealed from public view by the yew trees that have been cherished there for centuries; but any passenger by a French railway cannot fail to be struck by the tendency of that nation to place their cemeteries on hill-sides close to the line, so that every one who passes may behold their monuments of woe. The manufacture of crosses and other emblems of grief is one of the finest of the French fine arts. So anxious are the people to display their grief for the death of a relative that they use the most sombre and black-bordered envelopes to announce the decease, and so many of the family don mourning that a casual observer might be forgiven for imagining that a large proportion of the French women at any given time were widows. The ostentatious meetings and partings, salutes, kissings and so forth are all parts of the same character, and would be described as indecent, at any rate by the older-fashioned generation of our countrymen. Unfortunately, the aspect of life which the imagination of Zola seized upon was not this, but the passion of love; and he has described its manifestations with a repellent minuteness such as is equalled in no other literature. And these note-books show that in all this he imagined himself to be closely following a scientific system. Amongst the most curious pages of the volume are the brief notes on heredity, in which he reduces the speculation of physicists to hard statement. Thus, he thinks that a child born in Normandy of a Norman woman is Norman whatever the father might be. This possibly might often be the case. Again he will have it that accidental modifications are hereditary, and that mutilated infants come from mutilated parents. Those who, until a few years ago, were accustomed to dock the tails of terriers would at once furnish him with an argument against this. The truth is that in all this Zola's science was unsound. It is true, no doubt, that every quality possessed by a human being is derived from ancestors, but then marriage brings in so many different families, so many different lines of ancestors, that no one can tell even approximately what the product will be. Nor was Zola working here on very original lines. Novelists from mere instinct have always had a tendency to make their characters the children of such parents as were likely to produce them. Even Smollett, who was the last man to claim to be a scientific novelist, took care that, when he wanted a Count Fathom, the mother of his hero should be one of those earthly deities who hovered over the field of battle despatching the slain and relieving them of their goods, while the father is veiled in an appropriate obscurity. Scott's heroes usually show just enough diversion from the ancestral type to cause uneasiness to the family. It would serve little purpose to insist on all this, were it not for the fact that this doctrine of heredity in reality hampers the action in the novels of Zola. As M. Massis very well says:

> Après tout, Zola ne fait que substituer à la Némésis antique, à la Grâce de la littérature janséniste, la fatalité héréditaire. Vous me répondrez que c'est plus scientifique.—Assurément, mais il importe assez peu. Phèdre n'a pas la grâce, et est torturée par les feux d'une passion incestueuse. Étienne a une hérédité d'alcoolique, et est un "monomane de l'assassinat." Ne vous semble-t-il pas que c'est à peu près la même chose? Le mot seul est changé.

Inevitably we are forced into a comparison between the French naturalistic movement, of which Zola was the head, with its crowd of imitators who cram the French bookstalls with novels full of the filth but empty of the genius of Zola, and the movement that was contemporaneous in England with his lifetime. George Eliot had made a move towards science, but with such results that she secured few imitators. On the other hand, we had a school of romantic fiction that seems now to have been a very frail flower indeed. Led by Stevenson, a host of writers came into existence only too ready and eager to adopt what they thought was the popular formula of the hour, a young man with a taste for duelling, a more or less beautiful young woman, two or three other characters in the background, the whole picture bearing a much closer resemblance to a scene in opera bouffe than to actual life. Indeed, there was very little attempt made to render human nature in hard, clear, and yet vivacious lines. The skill of the writer was exerted solely in the invention of adventures. The characters who went through the adventures were the merest puppets. A few years pass, and these books in their tons of paper lie as dead as Egyptian mummies in their cerements. The only virtue on which we can plume ourselves is that all this stuff, if futile, was innocuous. No young person can get the slightest harm from wading in it up to the elbows, nor, we may add, the slightest good. But undoubtedly Zola had a truer and stronger conception of the greatness of imaginative art. He was an admirer of Flaubert, and there was no real reason why he should not have improved his own work by giving it some of the attention to verbal felicity on the attainment of which Flaubert wasted his life. Nor was there any need that he should have devoted so much of his work to the portrayal of passion and its effects. But that, as Frederick the Great said, is "a much overrated form of amusement," and though it may engross the energies and almost the life of one sex, it does not count for so much in that of the other. From the time of prehistoric man the male has in one form or another been taught to hunt for food, until age after age passing away has engendered out of labour a religion.

What strikes one most in this instructive book is that Zola trusted far too much to documents and toil. After all, the first essential of the work of fiction is that the characters should be living, breathing, acting, feeling men and women. Zola's nature is most adequately, though not very eloquently, described by the word "stodgy." We are told that his ideas on most things were obscure and dull. Only by incessant labour did he bring clearness into them. It is a strange fault to find in a countryman of Molière, Dumas and many another laughing philosopher, but so it was. A little brightness, a little humour, a little more tact in writing, and he could have said what he meant without arousing the feeling of disgust and have left behind him something not unlikely to prove immortal.

MATER DOLOROSA

The Madonna of the Poets. An anthology of Poems in Our Lady's praise gathered by ANITA BARTLE. (Burns & Oates, 2s. 6d. net.)

RIGHTLY considered, by Catholic or Protestant, by believer or unbeliever, by scientific philosopher or peasant of untroubled faith, High Mass forms probably the most pathetic spectacle that ever has been deliberately placed

before the eye and ear of man. Here we seem to see all humanity represented, from the stately and aged priest to the smallest acolyte, and in the wailing cry that comes from them, "Ora Pro Nobis," is the essence of the Christian religion. For, as has been pointed out by philosopher and poet, it is the one creed whose chief doctrine is sadness. In the springtime of the world man sends the reflection of his own joyousness up to heaven, and the deities of antiquity make their Olympic halls ring with Homeric laughter. It was left to a generation of longer and deeper experience to adopt a religion that had "a Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief" for its chief object, whose virtues were self-sacrifice and self-denial, and whose disciples abjured "the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh." It is sometimes said that under the evolutionary epoch in which we live the Virgin Mary is floating far into the dim distance, to take her place beside Venus and Proserpina and Ceres and the others, round whose names the most beautiful legends are woven. Yet hers will ever remain the most touching and interesting of all traditions. She was human life incarnate, troubled with its griefs and comforted by its highest hopes. Looking back we see that her personality has had a strange history. At what period people began to worship her is somewhat doubtful, but during the age of chivalry she it was to whom the knight devoted himself, even when he had a leman of flesh and blood. For a while during the Reformation her name became almost abhorrent to the new religionists as being associated with what they called Romish idolatry, or what was later known as Mariolatry. Then the Virgin Mother became once more a pathetic human figure to the imagination, no longer supernatural, no longer a figure to be kneeled at and adored, but a weak and suffering mother full of a mother's troubles and sorrows. And now, as we have said, the question arises whether she be not passing away into that land where so many beautiful myths lie embalmed. We ask this, chiefly because the doubt arises from a perusal of the little book before us. It is an anthology of poems and prayers addressed to or concerning the Madonna, and whether the compiler looked upon her task as one of piety or whether she was actuated solely by literary considerations it is somewhat difficult to determine. We have in the book a very curious mingling of pieces. The place of the introduction is taken by a quotation from Ruskin in which that versatile genius said that "every brightest and loftiest achievement of the art and strength of manhood has been the fulfilment of the poor Israelite maiden's: 'He that is mighty hath magnified me.'" It is the saying, be it remembered, of a Protestant, and must be incredible even to the Roman Catholic. Many a noble and great achievement has to be laid to the account of those who neither cared for the Israelite maiden nor her hymn. However, that is neither here nor there, except as showing that the compiler of this anthology was forced to go to a writer who was almost a pagan in essentials for a broad view of the Virgin Mary. The contributors to the volume form a curiously mixed company, beginning as they do with an anonymous Greek writer and ending with the late Mr. Lionel Johnson. Generally speaking, we feel that the poems would have been better in Latin, which somehow seems to be the appropriate language in which to address the Virgin Mary. Probably enough, this feeling is a matter of association. In Latin the Roman Catholics have enshrined their hymns and litanies, while our own writers have scrupulously refrained from what may savour of Virgin worship. Any one will see what we mean by comparing the "Stabat Mater Dolorosa" with the translations of it given here:

Stood the Maiden-Mother weeping,
By the Cross her sad watch keeping,
Near her dying Son and Lord;
Woes wherewith the heart is broken,
Sorrows never to be spoken,
Smote her, pierced her, like a sword

Even in Old English, which is much better than modern prose, we do not get quite the same feeling as in the stately periods of the Romish Church. The best poem quoted in the book is an anonymous carol.

I sing of a Maiden
That is makeless;
King of all kings
To her Son she ches.
He came also still
There His Mother was,
As dew in April
That falleth on the grass.
He came also still
To His Mother's bower,
As dew in April
That falleth on the flower.
He came also still
There His Mother lay,
As dew in April
That falleth on the spray.
Mother and Maiden
Was never none but she;
Well may such a Lady
God's Mother be.

Crashaw is himself in his "Sancta Maria Dolorum," but scarcely in the vein that a Catholic ecclesiastic would sympathise with.

In shade of Death's Sad Tree
Stood doleful She;
Ah, She! now by none other
Name to be known, alas! but Sorrow's Mother.
Before her eyes,
Hers and the whole world's Joys,
Hanging, all torn, she sees, and in His woes
And pains her pangs and throes.
Each wound of His from every part
All more at home in her own heart.

Of Henry Vaughan—no Roman Catholic, but a seventeenth-century English churchman, and therefore instinct with traditional feeling—we have the following somewhat "metaphysical" poem, called "The Knot":

Bright Queen of Heaven! God's
Virgin Spouse!
The glad world's Blessèd Maid!
Whose beauty tied life to thy house,
And brought us saving aid.

Thou 'art the true Love's-knot; by thee
God is made our ally;
And man's inferior essence He
With His did dignify.

For coalescent by that Band
We are His body grown,
Nourished with favours from His hand
Whom for our Head we own.

And such a Knot what arm dares loose,
What life, what death can sever?
Which us in Him, and Him in us,
United keeps for ever.

Of the moderns, Aubrey de Vere probably entered more fully than any other into the spirit of Virgin worship, as witness the following:

Say, who is she, serenely blest,
That walks the dustier ways of life
With foot immaculate as her breast?
That woman maid, the Christian wife!

Her love, a full-blown rose, each hour
Its snowy bud regerminates;
The star of Eden lights her bower;
The angel, Reverence, guards its gates.

Yet half she is, that wife—still bride—
Owes to that Vestal never wed,
As homes through Him are sanctified
Who had not where to lay His head.

Both Mysteries sleep in one, secure:—
Like twins in one white cradle laid,
The life detached and marriage pure
One mother boast—the Mother-Maid.

To many of the other poets in this volume she is but a thing to write verses on. There seems to be something extremely jejune in addressing an Envoy at the end of a poem to the Virgin, as does Mr. Francis Thompson, while George Herbert and Herrick are merely quaint. The anthologist gives Herrick's:

> To work a wonder God would have her shown
> At once a Bud and yet a Rose full-blown;

and there is also included Herbert's ingenious play upon her name:

> Ana {MARY / ARMY} gram
> How well her name an *Army* doth present
> In whom the LORD of HOSTS did pitch his tent.

There is much else in the volume that is good as verse, but would scarcely be considered of great account in the sentiments of those who in single-hearted piety repeat the prayer;

> Regina Prophetarum,
> Regina Apostolorum,
> Regina Martyrum,
> Ora pro nobis.

A QUESTION OF TEXT

The Works of Beaumont and Fletcher. Variorum Edition. Vol. ii. (A. H. Bullen, 10s. 6d. net.)
The Works of Beaumont and Fletcher. Vol. ii. (Cambridge University Press, 4s. 6d. net.)

COMPARISONS are proverbially odious. Hazlitt out-paradoxes paradox by explaining why the proverb is correct which says so, and his explanation is convincing and fits our purpose nicely by showing when a comparison is pertinent. His two hundred and twenty-third characteristic runs as follows:

> Comparisons are odious because they reduce every one to a standard he ought not to be tried by, or leave us in possession only of those claims which we can set up, to the entire exclusion of others. By striking off the common qualities, the remainder of excellence is brought down to a contemptible fraction. A man may be six feet high and only an inch taller than another. In comparisons this difference of an inch is the only thing thought of or ever brought into question. The greatest genius or virtue soon dwindles into nothing by such a mode of computation.

Exactly: it is that inch (as valuable as an inch of land in the City) that is the rub in the present predicament, as we sit before the two editions, now being issued, of the works of Beaumont and Fletcher. The volumes, one tall and slate blue, the other stoutish and red, have the common quality of being written by those "gemini of witt": it is a matter for comparison—of text really—once the thought of the tall long line Mr. Bullen's edition would make on the shelf has assumed its proper porportion. The bookseller's indifference to the task of such a decision is cold-blooded and amazing:

> B. and F. Bullen, vol. ii. 10s. 6d. net. } on appro.
> Do. do. Cam. Univ. Press. 4s. 6d. net. }

is his whole comment upon the situation. Outrageous! Why cannot we be left to chant in peace:

> Beauty clear and fair
> Where the Air
> Rather like a perfume dwells
> Where the Violet and the Rose
> The blew Veins in blush disclose
> And come to honour nothing else.

And that has landed us in the very thick of the question! Note the fifth line of the verse and the first word. The word is "the," the reading in the folios and quartos, and in the red Cambridge edition. Slate-blue has "their," and without comment of any kind, which is surprising in an edition with *Variorum* printed conspicuously on its handsome back. We prefer the sound of Fletcher's line with its slightly halting accent and gentle emphasis on the *blue* (of sense and sound) to Mr. Greg's clever emendation. Sheets could be written on Fletcher's reason for writing "the."

The song occurs in *The Elder Brother*. That leads to another point. The play has been printed both as prose and as verse: modern editors have inclined to fit the whole—in passages violently—into verse. The *Variorum* edition gives the verse version, with a long discussion in the preface. The Cambridge edition has solved the difficulty by following the prose of the 1679 folio, of which it is a reprint, and giving the verse version in its entirety in the Appendix. Gradually our textual sense (a curious sixth sense possessed by some people) became aroused, and, ivory paper-knife in one hand marking place, we read on line by line and discovered—many things, among which were:

(1) That the *Variorum* edition cut up the acts into scenes and gave hypothetical localities.

(2) That the *Variorum* edition inserted stage directions, sometimes on its own initiative without confession, and occasionally changed, sometimes with comment, sometimes without, the place of stage directions in the old text. For example, *Humourous Lieutenant*, act i. scene i. ll. 278, *seq.* read:

> Ant. . . . they must not leave ye.
> Sec. Gent. Never till life leaves us, sir.
> *Enter Leontius with Attendant.*

whereas the folios and quartos and manuscripts read, as the Cambridge text reads:

> Ant: . . . they must not leave ye.
> *Enter Leontius.*
> 2. Gent. Never till life leave us, Sir.

It is noteworthy, too, that the *Variorum* has changed the mood of the verb "leave" without comment.

(3) That where all the old editions are unanimous in one reading, but that reading is to modern editors inexplicable, the *Variorum* edition does not hesitate to change it, *e.g.*, *Wit Without Money*, act ii. 99 (where Valentine is lauding the advantages of a girl over a widow, the tamer evil). The *Variorum* reads as follows:

> With one man satisfied, with one rein guided
> With one faith one content one bed agreed
> She makes the wife, preserves the fame and issue.

whereas the Cambridge edition reads, with 1679 folio and Q. 2:

> With one man satisfied, with one rein guided, with one faith, content, one bed, aged she makes the wise, preserves the fame and issue.

This makes excellent sense ("thee" being frequently printed "the" in Elizabethan times), is far stronger, and has the added advantage of being backed by the old authorities, except Q. 1, which reads *wife*, probably a misprint.

(4) That the *Variorum* collated the manuscript of *The Humourous Lieutenant*, a manuscript of extraordinary importance, from the Dyce reprint, which is quite untrustworthy; and the Cambridge edition had recourse to the manuscript itself.

Ex pede Herculem—and we need not set forth our comparison at full length. And so slate-blue went back, and red stands on the shelf. True, its old spelling may influence our orthography and hold us up to the ignorant derision of friends and correspondents. But anything that helps to preserve the old atmosphere of these old plays is of more value than all the notes and directions and modernisations that were ever written, for the proper understanding of an old dramatist, who had his own rules of technique and rules of what he could and could not do, and his own effects to make. At the least we know what we are reading.

PASTORALS

Pastoral Poetry and Pastoral Drama. A literary inquiry, with special reference to the pre-Restoration stage in England. By Walter W. Greg. (Bullen, 10s. 6d. net.)

Bibliography and the gift of literary appreciation do not often go hand in hand, and it is pleasant, therefore, to find Mr. Greg, to whose "List of Plays and Masques" students of the English drama are deeply indebted, making his mark in a study of pastoral poems and plays distinguished by a breadth of treatment and sanity of view worthy of the best traditions of English criticism. Mr. Greg's main concern being with the English pastoral drama, he has treated the pastoral in France and Spain somewhat cursorily; but for Italy, where the tradition was set, and for England, his study is as full as could be desired. Beginning, as in duty bound, with Theocritus, about whom he has a very pretty passage, he traces the history of the Latin eclogue from the time of Virgil until it lost its last semblance of freshness in the involved allegories in which the scholars of the Renaissance took so much pride. After sketching the rise of the vernacular eclogue in Italy and noting how the greater risk in religious or political allusions in a vulgar tongue saved it from the worst excesses of allegory, Mr. Greg goes back to Boccaccio's "Ameto" to take up the story of the pastoral romance, and then makes a flying visit to Spain and France. For the history of pastoral poetry in England ample space is allowed, and Mr. Greg shows that the English pastoral, though it never rivalled its Italian model in fertility, yet evinced an individual and versatile quality which we seek in vain in other countries. We have the evidence of the Shepherd Plays in the great Miracle Cycles, more especially the two in the Towneley collection, and also some scanty remains of poems and ballads, to prove that the natural, homely shepherd had left his mark on our literature before the classical and Italian tradition intervened; and, when the tradition came, it was open to the individual poet to blend the conventional shepherd life with such more natural touches as his inclinations and skill dictated. The privilege brought with it a risk of confused ideals, on the part both of the poets and their critics, but when it was successfully used it helped to give the English pastoral the greater variety which Mr. Greg claims for it.

After thus tracing the history of pastoral poetry Mr. Greg makes a fresh start with the Italian drama, beginning with the mythological plays, *sacre rappresentazioni* on pagan themes, which came into fashion towards the close of the fifteenth century. Before the end of that century there is definite evidence of the eclogue having assumed a dramatic form, and thenceforward they can be arranged in something approaching a natural sequence of dramatic development, until in 1573 the lines of the pastoral play were definitely fixed by the brillant success of Tasso's *Aminta*. Both of this and of its equally famous rival, Guarini's *Pastor Fido*, Mr. Greg gives a full analysis, and he does full justice to the charm of the *Aminta* in a passage which will bear quotation:

> The effect produced is one and whole, that of a perfect work of art, and the same impression remains with us afterwards. Smooth limbs, soft and white, that shine through the waters of the spring and amid the jewelled spray, or half revealed among the thickets of lustrous green, a slant ray of sunlight athwart the loosened gold of the hair—the vision floats before us as if conjured up by the strains of music rather than by actual words. This kinship with another art did not escape so acute a critic as Symonds as a characteristic of Tasso's style. But the kinship on another side with the art of painting is equally close; a thousand pictures arise before us as we follow the perfect melody of the irregular lyric measures. The white veil fluttering and the swift feet flashing amid the brambles and the trailing creepers of the wood, bright crimson staining the spotless purity of the flying skirts as the huntress bursts through the clinging tangles that seek to hold her as if jealous of a human love, the lusty strength of the bronzed and hairy satyr in contrast with the tender limbs of the captive nymph, the dark cliff and the still mirror of the lake reflecting the rosebuds pressed artfully against the girl's soft neck as she crouches by its brink,
>
> Backed by the forest, circled by the flowers,
> Bathed in the sunshine of the golden hours,
>
> the armed huntress, the grey-coated wolves, and the white-robed chorus—here are a series of pictures of seductive beauty for the brush of a painter to realise upon the walls of some palace of pleasure.

No "sour shepherd" could write such a passage as this, and Mr. Greg's combination of this ready appreciation of the pastoral grace with a steady eye for its essential defect is the best possible equipment for its critic. What that essential defect was is tersely indicated in the three words "love in vacuo" which he lets fall, almost casually, on the last page of his book. The shepherds and shepherdesses who come upon the scene have, indeed, their pastoral occupations, and to make some graceful allusions to them was one of the rules of the game, but long before d'Urfé and Fontenelle it was felt that "ces Bergères necessiteuses, qui pour gaigner leur vie conduisent les troupeaux aux pastourages," or of whom it could be said that they "sentent trop la campagne," had no place on the stage. Positively or negatively, the one occupation of every shepherd and shepherdess is "love," and the one form of love which is least often depicted is that in which it is a healthy and human passion. The unwholesomeness of the nymphs who brood all day long on their chastity is as offensive as the brutality of the satyrs who would deprive them of it, and this sickly attitude is so characteristic of the pastoral tradition that Milton himself could not escape from it. As Mr. Greg remarks, the spectators of *Comus* could have had no prejudice otherwise than favourable to the Lady Alice Egerton, and yet the child is made to take the first opportunity of informing them, "with much earnest protestation, of her quite remarkable purity and virtue, implying as it were a naïve surprise at having arrived unsullied at the perilous age of thirteen."

It is necessary to emphasise, as we have done, how languid and enervating are the breezes that blow softly over the sheepdowns of the pastoral drama, or it will be easy to do injustice to the author of any particular play, as Dr. Ward and other critics, for instance, have borne over hardly on Randolph's *Amyntas* for not representing the true "simplicity" of pastoral life. As Mr. Greg remarks, the fact may be lamented by such as love to shed bitter tears because the sandy shore is not a well-swept parquet (the simile had been better reversed!), but when the type of the pastoral play had been fixed more than half a century earlier by the success of Tasso's play of the same name, it is absurd to blame Randolph for conforming to it. It is true that in *The Sad Shepherd*, unhappily left as a fragment, Jonson took a more original course, with the result that the broad humour and burlesque of some of his rustic characters has brought down on him the censure of Mr. Swinburne for his "barbarism." As we have seen, it is one of the merits of Mr. Greg's book that he distinguishes the more natural and human vein which may be found in English examples both of the pastoral poetry and of the pastoral drama as compared with foreign work, but Dr. Ward's censure of Randolph and Mr. Swinburne's of Jonson are eloquent of the risk of confused ideals of which we spoke. Mr. Greg himself vigorously upholds both plays, while, on the other hand, he regards the success of Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess* as a triumph of poetic charm over very serious faults of construction and characterisation due to the "antagonism between Fletcher's own sympathies and the ideal he set before him." The whole of his chapter on these "Three Masterpieces" seems to us quite admirable, and in tracing the growth of the pastoral drama in England, and its handling by the lesser men as well as the greater ones, he is equally successful. His book will certainly take its place at once as a standard work.

LA REINE MALHEUREUSE

The Life of Queen Henrietta Maria. By I. A. Taylor. Two volumes. (Hutchinson, 24s. net.)

Enthusiasm for the Stuart period will hardly die, and most nooks and crannies, however carefully searched, will bear to be explored again. Alone, perhaps, amongst

protagonists, the little bright-eyed Queen has never been substantially presented by historians. The shadow which she cast has never been materialised, and vaguest obloquy has been her portion. To remove this stigma, to bring her into the full light of day, has been Miss Taylor's task, and the thought was in itself a worthy one. Moreover, our author is a careful writer, a cautious sifter of plain evidence no less than of ingenious theories: a keen, clear-sighted observer, never a special pleader to any marked degree. Greatness of character is the only factor to be counted in history, as it is the only real influence in human life, yet something of greatness is supplied to the weakest of characters by mere strangeness of circumstance. If this be true of Charles I., it is not less true of Henrietta, who does not deserve violent censure any more than she deserved the bitter hatred which was her lot in life. The most that can be said against her is that her zeal outran discretion. Frivolous and meddlesome she has been called, selfish and tyrannical, and these things are true enough in their degree; to which Miss Taylor brings in reply the suggestion that to be meddlesome was simply to be eager and interested, while the more serious complaint is met by proofs of wifely devotion. As to the greater question, she strove "rashly and with unpractised hands to build a dyke against a deluge." This is cleverly said. But would it not be truer to say that before she could attempt to build anything an irresistible current had swept her away?

When the bride arrived in England, a child of fifteen, events of which she knew little and understood less were already in train for outbreak. It was the June of 1625. Buckingham was the real King of England. Henrietta was no stranger to violent happenings. She knew that she had been sent to England to be the good providence of English Catholics. But every precaution known to statecraft had been taken to prevent the exercise of any grace she might have possessed, so that neither her own toleration of liberal thought nor her husband's of Catholicism had the slightest chance of surviving; and yet there is clear evidence that both existed. For the rest, it was certainly the period, to use Lord Acton's phrase, when dogmatic convictions rose to be the centre of universal interest, and if these were not rationally born in those who were "dressed in a little brief authority," they were very easily assumed.

Assumed they were in Henrietta's case, and we see her henceforward the antitype of the lath of statesmanship, painted to look like iron. What gives a human pathos to her struggles, her renewals of effort, her desperate denials of plain fact, is the place she had as mother and wife from 1627 onwards. Buckingham was gone, and with him as many dangers to France as to herself. The pack of foreign monks and minions was departed; domestic peace had arrived on their heels. All was ready, in fact, for the reign of comparative happiness. The Queen herself was of a disposition happy and gay. There is no resisting the bright side of the picture as Miss Taylor shows it. Yet warnings were in the air. Possibly a superstitious dread, instilled by her mother, accounts even more than religious scruple for the Queen's refusal to be crowned; but be that as it may, the English people never forgave her for this. They had hailed with joy the failure of the Spanish match, and now wondered cynically enough whether there was anything gained by a French one. Meanwhile, a strange commentary on the futility of opposing the onrush of victorious principle was provided for Henrietta by the rise and fall of Strafford. Her own safety, so it seemed at one time, was safeguarded by his death. But Charles himself, apart from active folly, would neither understand nor learn.

Here came the fight for mastery between king and people; a story, complicated though it be, which is universally known. It was one thing that Charles should try to save his wife, but another that between them they should defy everything that could have preserved the State. From the moment that Charles took the fatal step which precipitated the Civil War—the arrest of the five members, for which Henrietta must receive no blame, even if she counselled it, since the act was his—from that moment Henrietta herself became, as it were, merely a side-issue. In the long years following, nothing she could do is to be considered of the first importance. She did a great deal, it is true, enough to bring down anathemas on her head from contemporary critics, but not enough to warrant the indignation of sober historians. Her flight to France, her intrigues with foreign powers, her hazardous speculations, her marshalling even of armed forces: all these furious ventures count for very little in the court of history. Henrietta was the victim of circumstance. In her character there is no touch of greatness from first to last. Burnet declared that she was ever bad at contriving and much worse in execution. She had no business, of course, to contrive; and even those of her own day who blamed most freely would have pitied as readily, had they once realised her unimportance to any material issue. How does she stand, then? She was the wife of one, and the mother of two Kings who failed. This remains true in face of the half-success of the Restoration. And the indirect value of such studies as these is due to the fact that the sum of these very failures is vital to history. But history is not affected by her own. The Queen's appreciation of the truth implied affords fitness to the name she gave herself: *la reine malheureuse*.

If, then, we dismiss the unfortunate Queen as a real factor, there still remains one subject on which a good deal of speculation has long been naturally rife, and which invests her name with peculiar interest. What were her relations with Jermyn, Earl of Saint Albans? The slander to which some historians, some gossips, some diarists have given currency is idle enough, and Miss Taylor rightly treats it with disdain. But the question of the alleged marriage (she declares) is still undetermined by history. We are not so sure about that. Weighing the pros and cons we must be guided by evidence. But character is the best evidence. Greatness apart, character Henrietta most certainly possessed. From the Queen's letters, freely quoted here, and quoted more wisely than they are apt to be in the footnotes of orthodox histories, the impression only of wifely devotion can be gleaned. Tyranny, even, was one way of love with her. That she suffered much, and therefore is to be forgiven much, is hardly to be gainsaid. But we ask for better proof of character, and that is to be found. Enough has been said, perhaps, to indicate the lines upon which the book is written. The last word to the author must be one of sincere congratulation.

THE CALL OF THE DESERT

The Voice of the South. By GILBERT WATSON. (Hurst & Blackett, 10s. 6d. net.)

IT is difficult to know where to begin in praise of this book. Perhaps the reader's first pleasant surprise is gained by realising that the work is free from all those sordid details and tiresome preliminaries and excrescences which generally tend to rob books of travel of their unity. We find Mr. Gilbert Watson at Biskra, in Southern Algeria, and at Tougourt we leave him; and for whoever likes to read the impressions of a singularly alert and sympathetic observer, to feel the influence of elemental nature and untouched antiquity, to come under the spell of the romance of a little-known country and the soul of a strange people, the book is a rich store of enjoyment.

Above all, we would recommend "The Voice of the South" to all who have a taste for good prose. To define or describe good style is always difficult; but in this particular case it is chiefly apparent in the simple and adequate narrative, and in the descriptive passages, which, without being either pre-Raphaelite or impressionist, make us see sufficiently all the important detail, and at the same time realise the effect of the whole. The analysis of the mental equipment of Abdullah, the camel-driver, is a good instance.

. . . he possessed imagination, for he was a firm believer in the supernatural; nor was he deficient in humour, for a broad or practical joke tickled him at times to the point of tears, and metamorphosed his serious countenance to such an extent that his very ears might be said to participate in his smiles. But these were pardonable relapses from the paths of gravity and were more than atoned for by long hours of unmitigated depression.

Abdullah interested me, although I neither grew to understand nor care for him as I did for Athman. He did not lay himself out to gain my friendship, nor had he any of the companionable traits of my dusky guide. He was a strange character, taciturn and loquacious by turns, yet on the whole much given to contemplation. He thought slowly and laboriously. The suspicion of ignorance darkened his mind. He groped vaguely in a chaos of elementary thoughts, connected in his more lucid moments with camels. Glimmerings of reason came to him at times, but they rarely found their way into words. Give him the bright sun overhead and the burning desert underfoot, the wind behind and the camels before him, 'twas all he asked.

It would be a pleasure to quote many passages describing the different aspects of the desert, at dawn, in the heat of the day, and at dusk, or the equally interesting and unnorthern scenes afforded by the streets, squares, mosques, and market-places of the little desert towns to which the narrative leads us. Rarely do we find a traveller who sees so clearly and describes so well, who has so much knowledge, who seems so fully in sympathy with all that surrounds him, animate and inanimate, and who has so easy a mastery over the English language.

During the course of the narrative the author has kept himself as far as possible in the background, and the chief personal interest of the story is centred in Athman, with whose name the book opens and with whose departure it ends. He is introduced in his *rôle* as guide, but as his character gradually unfolds itself we see that his profession is really the least important and indeed the most incongruous fact in his life. Not but that he fulfilled his duties excellently, but he was so much more. He seemed at once the paragon of guides, the ideal of travelling companions, the perfection of piety both filial and divine, the soul of poetry and music, a strict observer of the laws of etiquette and courtesy, full of sympathy and consideration, with all the exuberance of youth, and in his heart as simple as a child. We hear him discoursing on the beauty of his desert home, the holiness of his Marabout ancestors, and the fascination and danger of love, which he had never known, playing on his flute, singing Arab songs, telling old tales and reciting his own poems. We see him eager to tend the sick and help the aged, almost strangling a man whom he found torturing a toad, cherishing a baby fox and trying to bring it up on camel's milk, grieving over it when it died, and burying it with all solemnity. This is Athman as we know him on the march from Biskra to Tougourt, and thus he would probably have remained had Tougourt not held in store for the travellers certain unexpected experiences. But here the Voice of the South penetrated Athman's soul: passions strong enough to overbalance the rest of his nature were aroused in him and plunged him into states of misery and tension hitherto unexperienced. What happened to Athman at Tougourt we shall not say: it must be told in Mr. Watson's own words. Whether it was indeed Fate, or a sudden awakening to maturity, or a youthful excess, will never be known. But the irresistible call lured him Southwards, and with his disappearance the story naturally reaches its close.

BURBANKITIS

New Creations in Plant Life. An authoritative account of the Life and Work of Luther Burbank. By W. S. Harwood. Illustrated by photographs. (The Macmillan Co., 7s. 6d.)

Readers of periodicals can, during the last year or two, scarcely have failed to notice constantly recurring paragraphs and articles with reference to the wonderful results in the way of plant-breeding achieved by a Mr. Luther Burbank, of California. The appellations "Wonder Worker" and "Wizard of the West" have been freely accorded him, and the plants he has produced have been commonly referred to by the high-sounding title of "creations." Among the many marvels credited to Mr. Burbank were the production of a thornless edible cactus, guaranteed to transform deserts into smiling, fertile lands, and of some entirely new fruits, including the "plumcot" and the "pomato." Indeed, in the United States, so great has been the curiosity and interest aroused by this Press campaign that a new word has been coined, to wit Burbankitis.

By any one possessed of a practical knowledge of horticulture most of these Press stories could be regarded only as amusing fables. Remembering, however, the generally accredited saw: "Where there is smoke there is fire," we found our interest in Mr. Burbank aroused, and for some time we have been diligently endeavouring to obtain authentic information concerning his performances. The quest has proved an elusive one. Somewhat strangely, until lately the British gardening papers have had little or nothing to say upon the subject, and from inquiries made of eminent horticultural authorities little was gleaned beyond the perhaps significant fact that they too would like information. The mystery deepened. A search for these wonderful new plants in the catalogues of the leading British, American, and Continental nurserymen proved unavailing, and even the perusal of a letter elicited from Mr. Burbank by the authorities at Kew did not enlighten. "The Press has gotten hold of my work too soon," he wrote, but, alas! he did not enter into the question of what there was to be gotten hold of. Amidst all this disappointment, however, one fact stood out prominently. It was that the Carnegie Institution of Washington, "founded to promote original research," had thought fit to make Mr. Burbank a grant of 10,000 dollars a year for ten years, to relieve his mind from care as much as possible, and allow him to apply all his energies to the inception and development of further experiments and ideas. This indeed was a solid testimonial to the value of Mr. Burbank's work.

It was therefore filled with interest and expectation that we took up the book under notice. It is entitled "An Authoritative Account." Frankly, Mr. Harwood has greatly disappointed us. He has abundant interest in and enthusiasm for his task, but obviously he is neither a man of science nor a practical gardener, and to deal satisfactorily with his subject he required to be both. The book is far too popular in style and indefinite to be of real value to those seriously interested in plant-breeding, and it contains very little information meet to be absolutely accredited by the impartial observer. Despite, indeed probably because of, these faults, the latest advices inform us that "New Creations in Plant Life" has "gone" with the American public. Therefore, from a material standpoint at any rate, Mr. Harwood's mission has not ended in failure. But we are still left wanting to know.

Finally we must enter a word of protest against Mr. Harwood's gushing tone. He would have us believe that his hero, Mr. Burbank, is almost superhuman. Two brief quotations will exemplify this. A chapter is devoted to explaining how sadly Mr. Burbank is overwrought by work, and of the amazing expedients he is driven to adopt to keep out the besieging hordes of the curious; after this it is a surprise to read that

he counts no day completed in which he has not said a cheery good morning to his aged mother, now faring near the century line, looked after her with the utmost devotion during all its hours, and tenderly kissed her good night at the going down of the sun.

We are further informed that

No man who has ever lived has laid out such a scheme for the adornment of the world; indeed it may airly be stated that not all the plant-breeders who have preceded him have ever done so much to ennoble floral life.

Considering that, from the results to hand, in British expert opinion the "Californian Wizard" has yet to win his spurs at hybridisation, this is indeed a trifle "tall"!

THE LAMENT OF THE FRIENDLESS OLD MEN

THE sad gale is sighing,
The sick year is dying,
  The aspen is sere and the roses are dead;
And Winter's chill rigour
Has palsied our vigour,
  And frozen our life-blood and frosted our head.

False Hope's die is broken,
Faith is but a token
  Debased and defaced and half eaten with rust.
Life grows mean and meagre,
E'en Earth's self seems eager
  To resume with a miser's impatience our dust.

How sad the repining
When forced to resigning
  The duties to which we were fettered as slaves!
And oh! when the neighbours
Forgat our long labours
  'Twas as if we beheld the grass grow on our graves!

The sport of the groundlings,
In our second youth foundlings,
  Whom they herd in a spital, whose muscle and brain
Have outlasted their cunning,
Whose life's sands are running
  From a glass that can ne'er be replenished again.

The young grass pushes
Aside the rushes
  Grown sere that bend to the earth their bier;
We, old masqueraders
Of life, the crusaders
  Of Death, each are seeking our own Sepulchre.

Youth's broad road is haunted
By Zephyrs and planted
  With myrtle and laurel and white may bloom;
But Age's highway
Dwindles to a bye-way,
  And cypresses close o'er the path to the tomb.

Grim Death walls up slowly
Each sense; shut in wholly,
  To those standing without we no longer can call;
Till at length every blind
In the death-darkened mind
  Is drawn for the body's sad funeral.

CLOUDESLEY BRERETON.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

PRIMITIVE PLAGIARISM

THE problem of Folk-tales, their origin and transmission, is one of the most difficult which the student of folk-lore has to face. In a recent work I have tried to show that folk-tales did not all come from India or from the East. There must have been many centres of story-invention; many places from which tales set out on their long *Wanderjahre* through the world. Such tales are composed of a number of separate incidents, skilfully woven together by the art of the story-inventor, but each of which might have been invented a hundred times over, in a hundred different places. It is when we find the same combination of incidents, in the same order, with, often, one unique incident occurring regularly in all, in stories, say, from Europe, India, China, Melanesia, and Canada, that the *crux* is felt. "Borrowed or transmitted, of course!" cry many folk-lorists, forgetting that though "God made man upright, he has found out many inventions." Theirs is certainly an easy way out of the difficulty; but, for one thing, how did a story common in Europe reach Melanesia, reach Canada, reach Peru, *before the advent of white men*? It argues either that the tales in question have enormous antiquity, and have been carried about the world in long past ages when early man went on his restless questing, or that they have been invented separately. One would be loth to insist upon such marvellous coincidental invention, but we must not regard it as a Bluebeard's chamber into which good folk-lorists may not look. The more folk-tales are studied in the light of what their contents mean, viz., a reflection of actual belief and custom, the more their separate invention more than once becomes a *vera causa*. The similar order of incidents, the presence of a unique incident, are another matter. But here, too, it may be found that borrowing or transmission need not always be supposed.

An excellent example of a unique incident, one which defenders of the borrowing theory will at once say could not have been invented twice, occurs in certain stories of the Jack and the Beanstalk class. These I have shown in "The Childhood of Fiction" to be of universal occurrence as a result of man's firm belief in

> A world above his head, to let him see
> How boundless might his soul's horizons be;

whither, by skill, or craft, or favour of the "ones above," he might go and return again. The ways of reaching that world are various. Mr. Chadband's aspirations to soar and fly were checked by Mr. Snagsby's exclaiming: "No wings." Early man knew better. He climbed a tree, or ascended a mountain, or swarmed up a spider's thread, and so reached the world above. That might occur to any one anywhere. But in three tales from places quite remote from each other, and, indeed, from all other lands where similar tales are told, a curious method of reaching the sky is found.

The first is from Australia. Two girls were persecuted by the unwelcome attentions of Beereun, but fled from him and, with the help of a dead relation, became stars. Beereun threw a spear up till it struck the sky and hung shaft downwards. Another spear was thrown and stuck in the shaft; many others followed until he had made a rope of spears up which he climbed to the sky, where he still pursues the star-maidens. Next, in Melanesia the following tale is told. Qat's wife was a sky-woman who, like the European swan-maidens, discovered her wings and flew away heavenwards. Qat shot an arrow into the air till it reached the sky, like Beereun's spear. Then a succession of arrows was fired at it, each one sticking into the one before it, until Qat was able to climb to the sky and recover his wife. But in descending he fell heavily to the earth and was killed. Both of these are separate tales. But among the Haida Indians a similar incident is found forming part of a long and involved cosmogony. A male slave, created by the god of darkness, having stolen the sun and a fire-stick from his master, their original thief, wandered off. One night he shot an arrow at the moon. Next night he shot another into the notch of the first, and so on for three hundred and sixty-five nights. (The arrows were transformed into days and nights and finally became the days of the Haida year.) Up this ladder he climbed and passed through the moon into heaven. There he saw a beautiful woman swimming in a lake and, having captured her, returned to earth. But his master met him, took the woman, and changed him into a spirit who looks after life and growth and is worshipped by the Haidas.

In all three incidents the pursuit and capture of a woman is concerned; in all the sky is reached in the same way. Have the incidents been invented separately, or have Melanesians and Australians borrowed from each other? Allowing this latter supposition to be possible, whence did the Haidas obtain the tale? The place which it occupies in their sacred cosmogony proves it to be of ancient date, as does the fact that the hero is one of their worshipful

spirits. If they borrowed, it must have been long ago. But how did a story current in Melanesia or Australia reach North America? We are almost driven to conclude that in each case the story has been invented separately: the incident of the method of reaching the sky is unknown in European tales and no version has yet been reported elsewhere. This conclusion has all the more *vraisemblance* since the raw material out of which the tale has been fashioned is of universal occurrence. Mortals are enamoured of immortal women in "all the mythologies," and these immortals are "gey ill to live wi'," and, in fact, are always trying to return to the sky. Once they have escaped, how is the hero to recover them? Various methods are known; but Melanesians, Australians, and Haidas all hit upon the same method, that of shooting arrows or throwing spears one into another till a chain was formed by which the distressed husband or lover might rise heavenwards. We would suggest that this feat may have been one familiar to all these (and other) peoples—to shoot an arrow at an object and then try to shoot another into the notch of the first, and, possibly, a third into that of the second. This feat is introduced with much effect into "Ivanhoe" by that great romantic, Sir Walter. The savage novelist also made use of it as an ordinary incident of life, and at the same time, like his great successor, gave it a marvellously imaginative setting.

Thus a story of several incidents, one of which seems unusual enough to suggest invention once for all, can be shown to have been invented three times over. This may quite well have happened with other even more elaborate tales, though it need not necessarily have done so. All that we argue for is the possibility of separate story-invention even where much similarity occurs. Until folk-lorists fully admit that possibility, there is something lacking in their science.

The incident of choosing the worst and getting the better and *vice versa* is a common formula of *Märchen*. Outside Europe and South Asia it occurs in Japan, among the Navajoes, with the Ashantis in West Africa, and the Wagogo of East Africa. Has it been invented separately, *e.g.*, by Navajoes and Africans? We are inclined to think so. The Wagogo use it to explain the origin of fire. Blundering man went to heaven to get fire and was told to choose among several vases. He selected the finest, but it contained only ashes. Woman was more clever and chose the commonest vase, in which there was fire. Here the incident, if borrowed, has been used as a mythic explanation of origins. But both Ashantis and Navajoes make it into a Fall-myth, explaining why the world is so evil. Here again, if the incident is borrowed, it has been treated in an original, and yet in precisely the same way, by two races. Independently, for Navajoes did not borrow from Ashantis, or *vice versa*. On the whole, we conclude that all three invented not only the treatment, but the incident itself.

As a final instance we might refer to the Bowditch Island tale of Tasi and his nine brothers. The names of these ten little nigger boys were those of the numerals, Tasi's being the tenth, only now they are in reverse order, Tasi being number one. Thereby hangs the tale. The sister of the youths was carried off by a demon in his canoe. Next morning their parents gave each son stone axes, ten to the eldest and so on in decreasing numbers till poor Tasi had only one, bidding them make canoes (unknown before) and go off in pursuit. The wasps, who weave their nests, made sails for them, and from their method women learned to make mats (in West Africa and among the Algonkins weaving is learned by watching spiders—independent invention from natural causes!). All now started off: Tasi was left far behind. But he called to the canoes: "Let the waves wash you back," and each at once stood still, while his own was wafted onwards to the ogre's island. The ogre, suspecting a rescue, had tied a cord to the girl Hina's wrist, keeping the other end in his hand, while he remained in his underground cave. Tasi found her wandering about, and together they planned the escape, when, tug! she was called back to the cave. Like other heroines in similar situations, she made an excuse to her captor—the cave was so hot and he was so sleepy, she would go for a stroll. When she reappeared, Tasi slipped the rope off and tied it to a tree (a similar incident occurs in a West Highland tale), and when the giant awoke he drew in, not Hina, but the tree. Meanwhile the other brothers had pulled back, but were one by one upbraided by their parents for their lack of success. When Tasi arrived with his sister, he was as naturally praised, and told that whereas he had hitherto been last and least of his brothers now he would be the first. So the meanings of the numbers were changed in his honour.

This tale is said by the natives to be an old one. It must be so, since some of its incidents involve mythical explanations—a sure test of antiquity—and much of it is metrical. It is thus quite possibly older than the advent of white men. Its *motif* is a common one in tales of the Clever Youngest Son type; he alone of his brothers rescues the abducted sister. Has it been borrowed, has it reached the island like driftwood from an alien shore? Two things are certain; it is purely native now, and it contains fewer incidents than similar European tales. We cannot say that primitive plagiarism must here have been at work. But those who are blind to the marvellous inventiveness of the savage will still be unconvinced.

J. A. MacCulloch.

[*Next week's Causerie will be "Sick-room Fiction," by M. E. Francis.*]

FICTION

The Angel of Pain. By E. F. Benson. (Heinemann, 6s.)

Mr. Benson has been hiring an angel—the Angel of Pain—and working him uncommonly hard. He has required him to exhibit the need of his presence for beneficent ends in human affairs through manifestations of his power in three cases specially prepared for him. After his passing in each case Mr. Benson says in effect: "There you are, you see!" But the worst of it is, we don't quite see, or see rather less than we did before. Let us take the cases. First comes Philip Home, a dominantly successful stockbroker of considerable cultivation, rather hard in the grain, but a good, straight fellow, with a tender place in his heart for two intimate friends, Tom Merivale and Evelyn Dundas. All he wants to round off his prosperity is a happy marriage, and of this he has just secured the promise from a girl whom he loves with every fibre (though she tells him honestly that she doesn't quite love him), when Evelyn Dundas, a meteoric, light-hearted young painter with a sweet, irresponsible nature, gives way to his passion for Madge, who utterly reciprocates it, and carries her off from under Home's very guns. For a while the double shock infuriates and brutalises him, but eventually, in great part through the gentle and healing influence of Tom Merivale, he conquers himself and not only forgives but befriends the two who have wounded him. A well-worn theme, no doubt; but Mr. Benson with his unfailing power to interest makes a very pretty story of it. Moreover, nobody would deny that Philip's chastening did him good. So there is one to the Angel of Pain. Now take the case of the friend who robbed Philip. Evelyn's marriage bids fair to crown a radiantly happy career with complete success. Society, after some wavering, pronounces his action justified by his and Madge's love for each other, and the two are staying with Lord and Lady Dover in Scotland when a shooting accident blinds and permanently disfigures Evelyn. Here, surely, is a great opportunity for Mr. Benson's austere angel. One can imagine him indicating long vistas of suffering and self-discipline, consecrated and made endurable by the devotion of a wife who would certainly never have failed Evelyn. But no. Dundas cannot face it and drowns

himself, or at least allows himself to be drowned; and, indeed, if we were left to make the inference that the Angel of Pain may sometimes prove too strong for weak natures, there would be nothing more to be said. But Mr. Benson will have it that Evelyn died "complete," and there we entirely disagree. The third case is even less satisfactory; moreover, from an artistic point of view, it seems to us entirely out of keeping with the rest of the book. For here the Angel of Pain executes a quick change, appearing for the occasion as the great God Pan himself. Tom Merivale was one who (as Professor Raleigh has said of Wordsworth) had acquired the art of the naturalist, the art of remaining perfectly motionless until the wild and timid creatures of his mind came about him. He lived alone in the New Forest, and in an exquisite sense of the joy of Nature found almost complete happiness. But because he shut his eyes to the sorrow of Nature, Pan, as he had anticipated, came and revealed it to him so hideously that he died of the initiation. We fail to see that any one benefited by this piteous consummation, except perhaps Pan himself, who seems to have enjoyed it. Is not all this symbolism a little clumsy, besides being anachronistic to its environment? Imagine the young Wordsworth (haunted by the cataract as by a spirit) killed by a Goat-God by the marge of Grasmere! The Angel of Pain, we think, finishes "one down." And that, too, when no one who thinks at all would dream of questioning the necessity of Pain.

The Face of Clay. By HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL. (Murray, 6s.)

WE have read Mr. Vachell's story with a curious sense of wandering through a lovely and gracious region to the accompaniment of tragic music. To that music we did not always lend an exclusive ear—perhaps because of the beauty of the landscapes and seascapes about us and the interest of things seen by the way. But whenever it became insistent we listened with growing apprehension lest a string should snap at the critical moment as the result of extreme and continuous tension. We are still not quite sure whether this actually happened; if so, we gladly concede that Mr. Vachell, like a dexterous musician, has covered up the catastrophe with a skilful manipulation of pathetic chords, and we end after all upon a safe note. Yet the suspicion remains when all is said—that Michael Ossory, the protagonist, is not quite equal to the strain put upon him. In suggesting this we are far from disregarding a setting from which the tale draws its inspiration in quite a peculiar degree. Brittany, the cradle of many a fable and romance, is more than a background here, and Mr. Vachell goes far beyond the mere description of the azure and rose and green of her summers, of her mists, so full, too, of colour, and of the storms of her terrible coast. He shows us intimately her hamlets, ports and villages, the girls, gay, demure with their sweet dignity and their instinctive good taste, the men with the light-winged imagination, ready for flight within their sturdy frames—a population whose religion has been engrafted upon paganism, and which cherishes many a quaint belief and primitive superstition. Had Michael Ossory, the painter and genius, been a Breton of peasant ancestry, one might have accepted without demur the undying remorse for the mysterious "crime" of his youth which haunts and makes a "lost" man of him. But in making him an Englishman of education (even a Cornishman, saturated with Celtic sympathies), Mr. Vachell fails to convince us that he would have renounced not only his art, but a girl to whom he had been absolutely true, because another whom he had persuaded to sit to him for the figure had fallen in love with him, and, as he believed, committed suicide in despair. This is not quite all the story, and, while human nature remains what it is, one need not dogmatise. We only say that the events of this book take place ten years later and exhibit his culminating penance and forgiveness for that pitiful maid's tragedy. Téphany Lane ("Bretonne Bretonnante," as she describes herself), Michael's girl-love who returns to help him in his distress, seems to us admirably felt throughout, while the repetition with variations of the older story, through which Clinton Carne receives his baptism of fire, something more than successfully eludes the difficulties that beset it. And Mr. Vachell scores a further success with several lifelike and sympathetic little sketches of subsidiary characters, both gentle and simple.

Out of Due Time. By Mrs. WILFRID WARD. (Longmans, 6s.)

READERS of Mrs. Wilfrid Ward's "One poor Scruple" and "The Light Behind," will expect the good things of literature at her hands; and in her latest book, "Out of Due Time," they will not be disappointed of them. Here is the simple, direct style—the outcome of natural distinction under fine culture—the serene, benignant attitude towards matters of controversy; the loftiness of thought that marked her former work. The book is on a high plane; of love-making in the ordinary sense of the word there is practically none, though two sets of engaged couples occupy the centre of the stage. The period is the early 'eighties and the theme the never-ending conflict between old and new presentments of eternal verities; in other words between faith and reason, the Church and Science. The upshot of it all is a counsel of patience and an object-lesson in the danger of hasty, premature action. Paul, Comte d' Etranger, born and educated a Roman Catholic, passes through a stage of infidelity and re-embraces the faith from a purely intellectual point of view. His religion was not, as his sister puts it, one "that men should die in, a religion of the heart." He foresees the inevitable conflict between modern critical methods and ancient statement of Catholic doctrine and tries to force the hand of Rome in the direction of liberty. Rome does her best to save him, but he persists; and the result is his condemnation and immediate recantation of faith. He ultimately returns to the Church, having learnt the lesson of patience and humility, and ends as a Dominican. He is a genius of a rather inhumanly cold and lofty type, and it is a little difficult to believe in his dominant fascination for the other three characters, whose lives are all sacrificed in some measure to his. His sister Marcelle, a noble, lovable woman of jealous southern temperament, is a much more vivid and compelling person. Some of the minor characters are admirably drawn, notably Miss Mills, the Bishop and the nameless ecclesiastical personage who calls on Paul just before his condemnation. There are many wise, deep things of the soul in the book and in its spiritual atmosphere the worldliest reader must find himself calmed and uplifted. The language is throughout restrained and dignified, and the scene-painting, though perhaps a little grey in tone, always delightful. The Catholic reader, be he Roman or Anglican, will thank Mrs. Ward for graving more deeply in his heart the motto of her heroine in regard to the faith: "Loyal je serai durant ma vie."

Salted Almonds. By F. ANSTEY. (Smith, Elder, 6s.)

IN a preface as delightful as any of the stories which go to the making of the volume, Mr. Anstey explains that the name of the first story is not the reason for the name of the book; but that the name is symbolic of the volume's contents. It is—exactly. In spite of Mr. Anstey's warning we ate them all greedily at one sitting, and found no ill-effects, so excellently salted were they and with such a perfect flavour. But perhaps it would have been advisable to take them, as he suggests, one by one; to cherish them. That has often been a matter of debate—of brief debate, we confess—in the eating of almonds; but in this case we can vindicate the hastiness of our temperament, by the knowledge that these stories, unlike almonds, which may alas! only be eaten once, can be enjoyed a second and a third time. They are all so good that it would be hard to make a choice: who, for instance, could choose between

the story, "At a Moment's Notice," of a young man about town who loses his consciousness in a cab accident, on his way to lunch at a club in Pall Mall, "and as it is obvious that anything, even when lost, must be somewhere or other, his consciousness got mislaid for a while inside a monkey"—and the story of the staid solicitor who, by gazing into a snowstorm crystal in a toy shop, becomes transported to a castle, where a princess is at the mercy of a wicked guardian, and there slays the fearful dragon by offering him a "piece" thick with black-beetle polish, stuck at the end of his umbrella? And these stories are told by Mr. Anstey, which is as much as to say that they are told perfectly. Each one is a little masterpiece of construction and of fine writing. Study them for their workmanship, read them for their delicate ingenuity, or laugh over their neat wit and fund of humour; which ever way you are pleased to take them, they are an irresistible delight.

The Sphinx's Lawyer. By Frank Danby. (Heinemann, 6s.)

The lady who writes under the name of Frank Danby produced some years ago a book called "Pigs in Clover," and discovered at a stroke her *métier*, which she is discreet enough not to abandon. The animals have been driven home by this time, and the atmosphere is redolent of the stye. One turns away from it instinctively with a gasp of disgust. The book is irredeemably vulgar: vulgar in design, vulgar in execution. It dabbles in depravity with a kind of luscious gusto, that is too second-rate even to be amusing. It tries to endow vice, which is weak at the knees, with a halo (an endeavour that would amuse, if it did not sicken by its perpetual obtrusiveness). And through all this unsavoury slush runs a purpose—in such bad taste that it would be incredible if it were not clearly stated in the dedicatory letter—to awaken pity for a man of genius, whose personality is thinly veiled under the name of Algernon Heseltine. This purpose might be merely ridiculous; circumstances make it offensive; and the treatment manages to be shocking, although it is beneath contempt.

THE DRAMA

MR. ARTHUR SYMONS'S MORALITY

Some weeks ago I prophesied that Mr. Arthur Symons would explode my views about Morality plays. It is very seldom that a dramatic critic lives or lasts long enough to see his predictions fulfilled in so short a space of time. I do not know whether *The Fool of the World* brought the scent of mediæval hay over the footlights, but I have seldom been more moved. Mr. Symons has chosen to be deliberately modern in his presentation of time-worn symbols, so that the effect produced on the audience is precisely the same as a Morality must have produced on the more intelligent spectators of the middle ages. Death is no longer the bogey of Holbein's Dance; he has become a fool in motley. The Spade, The Coffin, and The Worm are still the hideous realities that they were to a less sophisticated generation, but they have attained through the verse of Mr. Symons a new psychological interest, just as the vulgar gods of Greece become for us new entities in the poetry of Mr. Sturge Moore. Mr. Symons was fortunate in obtaining the assistance of Miss Amy Sawyer for the dressing of his Morality, which I would have called a Mystery. The general level of merit displayed by his interpreters was remarkable, with the single exception of Mr. John Bate, who seemed quite unable to think of The Spade as a spade, and comported himself like a gawky artist's model.

The Fool of Miss Louise Salom evinced that literary appreciation of her part which I have so often remarked among amateur artists, and there is always a certain pleasure to me (*pace* Mr. Bernard Shaw) in seeing amateurs act, because of their enthusiasm and enjoyment. It is particularly valuable in plays of this kind. Miss Salom can hardly be called, however, an amateur, owing to her wide experience in many difficult parts always sustained with admirable reserve. Although the words apportioned to Old Age seemed fewer than were given to Youth and Middle Age (and here I find fault with Mr. Symons in his symbolism), the part was rendered with marvellous skill by Mr. F. Stanley Smith, who by a paradox very common on the stage was the youngest of the performers. I have heard him compared, not inaptly, with the child actor, Salathiel Pavy, immortalised by Ben Jonson. Elizabethan experts will remember the pretty conceit by which Ben Jonson has explained his early loss. I hope that Mr. Stanley Smith may be seen and heard, not only in Elizabethan drama, in which he has already distinguised himself, but again in modern plays such as *The Fool of the World*, where the adequate rendering of small parts counts for so much. I cannot praise sufficiently the appearance of Mr. Hardy as the Coffin, though to say that he looked the part seems hardly a compliment, and I should be sued for libel if I said that pretty, talented Miss Millicent Murby resembled a Worm.

From this remarkable poem, which I hope may be published before long, I recall the following words, in order to give those who were not privileged to witness the performances some idea of its haunting magic:

> All these praise me and kneel about my knees,
> The Glories of the World bow down
> When the bells chatter in my crown.
> I am the Fool of the World, come follow,
> As your hopes, are my bells hollow.

The production of Villiers de Lisle Adam's *La Rèvolte* on the same evening was not very satisfactory. To render the subtle character of Elizabeth was going beyond the capacity—I do not say of Miss Millicent Murby, but of any member of The New Stage Club. The play is rather like very dry champagne. On principle, you are very much impressed. As a literary duologue it is a great work of art, but it is not dramatic; it bored me when I saw it performed in French, and its interest from a stage point of view is archæological. The wonder is how Ibsen, if indebted to it at all, could have made these dry bones live.

It seems to me a great pity that the Stage Society should not amalgamate with the New Stage Club, The Literary Theatre Club and all the better dramatic societies. I am in favour of imperialism on the stage, if not elsewhere. *The Illicit Theatres Limited* would be a good name for the company. For the romantic symbolist and poetic drama they would obtain the services of that Cecil Rhodes of art, Mr. Charles Ricketts, and those Jameson raiders of poetry, Mr. Sturge Moore, Mr. Laurence Binyon and Mr. Arthur Symons. A powerful committee, consisting of *two* persons (with power to reduce their number), should decide as to plays and the committee would resign after each performance and not seek re-election, in order to be spared the pain of knowing what other members thought about them. The Stage Society, with its wealth and prestige, could be depended upon not to give us too much poetry and art for our money and would leaven the more romantic tastes of the other clubs. I have just written a morality play myself, prohibited by the County Council and the Censor, whom it satirises severely. It combines the poetry of Mr. Arthur Symons with the actuality of Brieux's *Maternité* and will satisfy, I hope, the aims and ambition of all these associations. The play will be performed at the Bijou Theatre, William Archer Street, Bayswater. Admission Free. No tickets are necessary, but every one must bring a copy of the Academy of next Saturday, and this will form the voucher, with date of performance. The play is entitled *Every Householder, A Mystery*, by

Robert Ross.

FINE ART

STAATS FORBES AND OTHERS

How extensive was the late Mr. Staats Forbes's collection of pictures by modern French and Dutch artists is being gradually revealed to the public. When a selection from his acquisitions was exhibited at the Grafton Galleries last summer it was rumoured that more remained behind, but how much more we are only beginning to realise by the exhibitions of fresh works from this collection which keep opening in Bond Street and thereabouts. At the Leicester Galleries the exhibition of the Millet drawings has been succeeded by a selection from the paintings by Corot and others of the Barbizon group. Twenty-one paintings by Corot, representing all phases of the painter's art, from the very early *Near Auvergne* (18) with its precise, academic drawing, to such melting visions of his matured genius as *The Lake* (20), form the bulk of this exhibition, which also includes an interesting *Marine* (15), painted by Daubigny when he was obviously much under the influence of Courbet, two sumptuous little forest scenes (37 and 50) by Diaz, another Diaz-like forest scene (33) by Troyon and a glowing Monticelli (24), a masterpiece of tone and colour, with a lady's yellow dress miraculously contrasted against light foliage.

At Messrs. Hollander and Cremetti's galleries, 30 Old Bond Street, is another fascinating selection from Mr. Staats Forbes's modern French and Dutch pictures, also containing many works which were not shown at the Grafton Galleries, as well as some of the gems from that collection. Here is the early and almost commonplace Monticelli, *A Lady Reading* (30), painted during the artist's brief enjoyment of popularity and Court favour, and here also is one of the magical kaleidoscopes of jewelled colour, *The Garden Party* (70), which it was necessary for genius to starve in order to achieve. Here, too, is Rousseau's complete though unfinished *Forest Scene* (59), with the strongly drawn trees merely outlined on a golden brown ground—an admirable example for the student to study; and here, in addition to many other paintings by Rousseau's companions, is a whole gallery filled with water-colours and drawings by other French and Dutch artists. Of the former the most conspicuous, perhaps, are the contributions of Isabey, whose water-colours are apt to be more thoroughly satisfying than his oils; while among the latter Mesdag is represented by breezy seascapes, Bosboom by his inimitable church interiors, and J. Maris by *The Little Artist* (13), masterly in modelling, free in brush-work, and charming in sentiment.

Corot, Jacque and others of the Barbizon group figure largely in the exhibition with which Messrs. Arthur Tooth and Sons have opened their new galleries at 175–6 New Bond Street. But the gem of this collection is the magnificent early Mathew Maris, *The Girl at the Well* (23), as flawless in expressive drawing as it is soothing in harmonious colour. A portrait of a peasant boy, *Pas Mèche* (30), by Bastien-Lepage, curiously reminds one of Mr. Stanhope Forbes, while M. Lhermitte's more richly painted *Harvesters* (43) prepares one for the delightful collection of his pastels and drawings exhibited in the splendidly lighted gallery on the next floor. Though taking for his subjects scenes so akin as to be nearly identical with those chosen by Millet, M. Lhermitte never degenerates into a mere imitator, and, while he stamps each work with his own artistic personality, his renderings are so faithful to nature that they could only confirm Keats in his conviction that Beauty and Truth are one.

RECENT ACQUISITIONS IN THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM

THE Museum has recently purchased a pair of candlesticks of cast brass of the seventeenth century, decorated with floral designs on a black and white ground. They have very large circular plates between the stems and the bases, which seem to have been a characteristic feature of the period. There are two plain candlesticks of brass of this type in the Museum, and in the Kremlin at Moscow there is a very large specimen in hammered silver-gilt bearing the English hall-mark for 1663–4. These candlesticks are exhibited with the other English enamelled objects in the Prince Consort's Gallery.

In two of the cases opposite the Leighton fresco of the Arts of Peace is a small collection of drawings in black and white by G. J. Pinwell and J. W. North, A.R.A.; they were prepared for the most part to illustrate the "Poems by Jean Ingelow," published by Messrs. Longmans in 1867. With them is shown a very interesting pen-and-pencil drawing by T. White of Pinwell himself at work; it is dated 1862.

In an adjoining case are some wood blocks upon which F. Walker, G. Du Maurier, Miss Edwards, Linley Sambourne and H. Furniss have drawn, but which have in some cases never been engraved. No print from the large cut block by Pinwell was ever published.

Five cases near the door of the Art Library contain a large collection of illustrated printed books on architecture, chiefly of the sixteenth century.

In the Architectural Court is the recently-acquired cast of the bronze monument of Archbishop Ernst of Magdeburg (1464–1513), executed by Peter Vischer in 1497, six years before the prelate's death.

Some important additions have been made to the collections of architectural details in carved stone, through the generosity of Mr. J. H. Fitzhenry, who has presented four examples of French origin dating from the time of Francis I. (1515–1547). They are exhibited at the north-west corner of the North Court. The most striking of them is a complete dormer window, standing some twenty feet high, from the Château de Montal, a ruined manor house situated on the high ground overlooking Saint Céré in the Department of Lot. This château was built for Jehane de Belsac, dame de Montal, and was begun in 1523; it is thus contemporaneous with the better known edifices at Blois and Chambord.

It was from one of these dormer windows, perhaps from this very one, that, as the story goes, Rose de Montal, forsaken by her lover, Roger de Castelnau, flung herself with the cry "Plus d'espoir" a motto which is engraved on the pediment of the window now in the Museum. The sculptured ornament includes a beautiful frieze of scrolls, demi-figures and *amorini* disposed symmetrically on either side of a central cartouche; on the pediment, besides the inscription, are two projecting busts and the figure of a headless warrior holding his skull in his hand. The arms of Montal and Balsac are carved below.

Next to it is the upper part of a similar dormer window evidently dating from the same period, as the crowned salamander in flames, which forms so striking a piece of ornament on this pediment, was a favourite device of Francis I.

Below is placed a portion of an arch-soffit from the Château de Bonnivat, situated some twenty miles from Poitiers, and built by Guillaume de Gouffier, Amiral de Bonnivat, a favourite of the same king.

The fourth example is a canopy for a statuette formerly in the church of St. Etienne du Mont at Paris. It is composed of delicate Renaissance work, betraying in its disposition traces of the Gothic style which even at that period were still apparent in French architecture. It is enriched with beautifully modelled figures, scrolls and shields of arms. Replicas of these shields may still be seen on the tall columns and brackets at the back of the high altar of St. Etienne.

We give these details, which have been officially communicated, in full, because it is only a week ago that we made a complaint of the lack of such news as they supply. We are still convinced of the need of a "Bulletin" dealing with all the public museums and art galleries in London and the provinces.

MUSIC

THE OXFORD HISTORY OF MUSIC—VI

With the development of the sonata in its completeness as exemplified in the works of Beethoven, the technique of composition arrived at maturity in all directions, for the principles which underlay the structure of this form were found to be of wider application, and the laws of balance and contrast first discovered in connection with pure instrumental music became to some extent the basis of all musical utterance from the operas of Weber to the songs of Schubert. For the future, composers, whether they elected to write in accordance with the formal precedent of Beethoven, as did Mendelssohn, or whether they set before themselves other ideals, as did Berlioz and Liszt, could not choose but build upon his foundation, in so far as purely structural considerations influenced them. In the next generation, individuality had, except in a few rare instances, to find its expression in some other direction than the formal one, and this may perhaps be taken as the strictly musical cause of the Romantic Movement. But Mr. Dannreuther shows in this volume that its main cause was the influence of contemporary thought in literature, reacting on the art of music, which was now for the first time fully susceptible to such influences through having just attained to a perfection of technique. Two hundred years previously the Italian renaissance in art and literature had had so potent an effect upon music as to revolutionise its technique, but, owing to the narrow limits of sixteenth-century music, it could do no more. Now, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, this new movement found in music a soil prepared for its seed, one which should yield a manifold fruitage. Or, as Mr. Dannreuther puts it:

> Romantic music is, in some sense, an off-shoot of literature; a reflex of poetry expressed in musical terms; a kind of impressionism which tends to reject formality, and aims at a direct rendering of its object; a desire to produce musical effects suggested by natural phenomena; an art, eager, sensitive, impulsive, which seeks its ideal of beauty through emotional expression.

Mr. Dannreuther is careful to point out that this romanticism was by no means new in the nineteenth century, and he quotes instances of it in the works of such early writers as Buxtehude and J. S. Bach. Beethoven was himself the greatest of "romanticists," and his later contemporaries, Schubert and Spohr for example, are hard to classify, so strongly is the romantic movement prefigured in their works of classical form. But it was with the second quarter of the nineteenth century that this influence from without overspread the whole art of music, and, even where its acceptance did not supersede the established principles of form, it became of such paramount importance as to modify those principles and often to obscure their presence.

Mr. Dannreuther has followed the plan of volumes iii. and iv., and has treated the various forms of music, opera, symphony, piano music, song, etc., separately; examining the influence of the poetic ideal with regard to each of them. In no case was this so beneficial as with opera, which of all forms requires the greatest elasticity of musical treatment, and more than any other had been bound by the shackles of convention. With *Der Freischütz* Weber inaugurated the new era by attempting and attaining an appropriateness in the music to the action and character, as well as what one may call musical scenic effects, which were closer and more consistent than anything hitherto achieved; and from this point onwards through the operas of Marschner and Schumann, until this movement found its eventual realisation in the romantic operas of Wagner, the story is carefully and sympathetically told. It is, in fact, his sympathy which makes Mr. Dannreuther's volume so successful. His task was infinitely more difficult than that of the earlier writers, since a great mass of the work he had to deal with is even now a matter of controversy, and its ultimate position in the history of music is not wholly determined. This is particularly so with orchestral music, which was influenced by the romantic movement to such widely different ends as the overtures and symphonies of Mendelssohn and the symphonic poems of Liszt or the "Symphonie Fantastique" of Berlioz. He draws a distinct line, and the distinction is a useful one, between music which, like the first-named works, seeks to "express the prevailing emotion, the mood of some particular poem or story, or of some particular aspect of nature," and "programme" music, which, connecting certain phrases with definite facts, is only intelligible through a knowledge of the "programme," as is the case with Liszt and Berlioz and certain later writers, whose works do not fall within the range of the romantic movement. The first is beautifully exemplified by Mendelssohn's "Hebrides" overture, which is evolved on purely musical lines despite its pictorial significance; the latter receives very full demonstration in a special chapter, in which Liszt and Berlioz are weighed in the balances. Though he calls programme music a "curious hybrid," "music posing as an unsatisfactory kind of poetry," Mr. Dannreuther's ardent sympathy with all artistic effort has saved him from onesidedness in this chapter, and throughout he is ready to do ample justice to the genius of both; but his closing words show what is his position with regard to the tendencies which their work embodies, and it is a position still worthy of consideration.

> No doubt Liszt sincerely believed in the symbolical efficiency of his representative themes as Berlioz believed in the the dramatic significance of "L'Idee fixe" and "La Mélodie caractéristique." Both the great illustrators were convinced that a close union of instrumental music and poesy is possible and desirable. Both masters may have erred in their method: and programme music, as they conceived it, may in the end prove to have been a dubious hybrid of insufficient vitality.

The short chapter on oratorios and cantatas rather chronicles the production of various works than offers any new criticism upon them. Of Mendelssohn's many works of this kind it would be well-nigh impossible to add any new comment, and Schumann's choral works were very unequal. "The huge posthumous publication entitled 'Scenen aus Goethe's Faust' is, in fact, a mere conglomeration, having no more real coherence than can be claimed for its rival, Berlioz's 'Damnation de Faust.'" More illuminating is Mr. Dannreuther's treatment of religious music in the following chapter, in which again Liszt and Berlioz become the two most prominent figures. The effect of romanticism upon church music, or at any rate upon music written to the words of the Catholic liturgy (not quite the same thing), was described by Liszt in a letter to the *Gazette Musicale* (1834):

> For want of a better term we may call the new music Humanitarian. It must be devotional, strong, and drastic, uniting—on a colossal scale—the theatre and the Church, dramatic and sacred, superb and simple, fiery and free, stormy and calm, translucent and emotional.

It will occur [to most readers that of these pairs of epithets only one in each is generally applicable to the church music of Liszt and Berlioz; it is dramatic rather than sacred, and more stormy and emotional than calm and translucent. In discussing the "Requiem" of Berlioz, a short excerpt from the score is here quoted which shows his use of no less than eight pairs of kettle-drums and brass in proportion. Liszt's oratorio—"St. Elizabeth"—a work unknown in this country, is described as "something like an opera sacra," and neither it nor his "Christus" appear to shed any fresh light upon the hitherto unsolved problem of the oratorio form, though the descriptions and quotations are of great interest.

It was in piano music and in solo song that the best and most characteristic work of the romantic movement was done, for in song its very essence is that the music should reflect as nearly as possible the poetic idea and colour of the words, and in piano music the application of these

ideas proved able to produce specially appropriate and distinctive musical forms, of which the characteristic pieces of Schumann and the elaborated dance forms of Chopin exhibit an almost endless variety. With this phase of the movement Mr. Dannreuther has dealt with special success, as might be expected, since here he united with his musicianship the special knowledge of the pianist.

With a summary of the work of lesser men, including a notice of the Russian school, and a very generous tribute to the two Wesleys of English fame, the Oxford History of Music is for the present brought to a close; but as one closes this, the latest volume, one feels that it is not the last. No attempt has been made to bring it up to date. The fact that Brahms has only received incidental mention has been commented on as a "curious omission," and it is certainly proof positive of incompleteness. But Brahms holds a unique position; his music, though romantic in the best sense, is governed by deeper principles than those which actuated the enthusiasts with whose names this movement is most intimately connected. In the music of the present day one sees, or seems to see, almost as many new movements beginning as there are earnest-minded composers. Their name is legion. How many of these will prove worthy of what permanent record a work such as this gives it is at present impossible to say, but it is no rash prophecy to predict that a future volume of the "Oxford History of Music" will have to deal with a great school of composers who honour Brahms as their founder, and whose history begins with that of his work.

H. C. C.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS

THE Cambridge Press has ready an addition to its series of facsimiles of rare books printed in England in the fifteenth century. The book reproduced is the only copy known to exist of Wynkyn de Worde's edition of Lydgate's "Assemble of Goddes" printed at Westminster about the year 1500, and the reproduction in photogravure is from photographs taken in the University Library at Cambridge. The Press is also issuing almost immediately the second volume of Dr. A. W. Ward's edition of "Crabbe's Poems" and the third volume of the Cambridge "Beaumont and Fletcher."

Publication of the great variorum edition of the Septuagint which the Cambridge Press has had in preparation since 1883, begins next week with the issue of vol. i., Part I., containing Genesis. As in the smaller Cambridge edition already published—Dr. Swete's Old Testament in Greek—the text is that of Codex Vaticanus, but the variations given, which in the smaller edition were confined to a few of the most important uncial codices, extend to all the uncial manuscripts, to select cursive manuscripts, to the more important versions, and to the quotations of the earlier ecclesiastical writers. The work has necessarily been the labour of many years, and its object is to present clearly and fully the evidence available for the reconstruction of the text or texts of the Septuagint.

Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co. announce that Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel, "Fenwick's Career," will be published on May 3, with four illustrations by Albert Sterner. Westmoreland, London, and Paris, the art-world of thirty years ago, and the rise and decline of a painter, form the subject of the book.—Early in May the same firm will publish "Wesley and His Century: A Study in Spiritual Forces," by the Rev. W. H. Fitchett, B.A., LL.D., with a photogravure frontispiece from the portrait of John Wesley by George Romney, and four facsimiles.—On May 3 will appear "From a College Window," by Arthur Christopher Benson, and "A Vision of India," by Sidney Low, will be published shortly, with twenty full-page illustrations. This book is in no sense a reprint of Mr. Sidney Low's letters to *The Standard*, describing the Indian tour of the Prince and Princess of Wales. It treats, *inter alia*, of such topics as Indian society, the present position of the Anglo-Indian, the Indian towns, the new sahib, industrial India, in camp with a district officer, and the Rajah.

The Oxford University Press announces for shortly after Whitsuntide a publication of some interest: "The English Hymnal," a new hymn-book for use in the Church of England as a companion to the Book of Common Prayer. Some of its special features are as follows: The inclusion of a large number of hymns not in other books, and the exclusion of feeble hymns or hymns that are never sung; the printing of hymns as their authors wrote them, the names of authors and translators being given at the head of each hymn, and the composer, name and measure at the head of each tune; hymns for special seasons, for Holy Communion and for the Commemoration of the Departed; Office Hymns for both morning and evening for all days in the Prayer Book Kalendar. New translations have been made where necessary. Processions and Litanies arranged as definite acts of worship. Introits, graduals, etc., for the year, with special devotions, such as the Reproaches and the Story of the Cross. Hymns for Men's Meetings, Mission Services, etc. A Table of Simple Hymns suitable for occasions when there is no choir. A Table of Hymns suggested for Sundays and Holy Days throughout the year to assist in the choice of hymns. The Editorial Committee consists of Messrs. W. J. Birkbeck, Percy Dearmer, A. Hanbury-Tracy, T. A. Lacy, D. C. Lathbury, and Athelstan Riley. There will be 744 hymns divided into twelve parts, and the book will be published in three editions; one music edition at 3s. net; two editions with words only, 24mo., 1s. net, and and 32mo., 2d. net. Prospectus, specimen copies and full particulars may be obtained of the publisher, Mr. Henry Frowde.

Admirers of Mr. J. C. Snaith's recent novel, "Broke of Covenden," will welcome a new book from his pen, entitled "Henry Northcote," which will be published on Monday next, April 23. The book has for its hero a poor but rising young barrister, who after long waiting for briefs, at last dramatically seizes his opportunity. Messrs. Constable and Co. are the publishers.

The same publishers will also issue immediately "The Evasion," by Miss E. B. Frothingham. The scene is laid in America, and the book deals with two young men in love with the same girl. Bridge, motoring, and week-end house-parties are their principal entertainments.

On April 23 Mr. George Allen will publish "A Plea for Church Schools," by Hakluyt Egerton. This pamphlet is intended to explain why Churchmen claim, as a civic right, unpenalised opportunity to give Church teaching to Church children, as part of the national system of elementary education; and, also, why they cannot be content with the State-establishment of "Undenominationalism" or "Fundamental Christianity."

Maurus Jokai's famous Russian story, "The Green Book, or Freedom Under the Snow," forms a first volume in a cheap re-issue of famous works by European novelists, which Messrs. Jarrold and Sons are projecting. Each volume in the series will have a cameo portrait of the author on cover, and a photogravure frontispiece.—The same firm will publish shortly "Murray of the Scots Greys," an eighteenth-century romance by Mr. Laurence Clarke, dealing with the adventures of the notorious Lord Berkley, who once wrote a letter to George the First, offering to kidnap his son, the Prince of Wales, with whom the king had quarrelled, and ship him, a prisoner, to America. The hero of the novel is a young officer in the Scots Greys.

Messrs. Sisleys Ltd. announce that their new series of Classics de Luxe—the Panel-Books—will be ready on May 1. It is claimed that these dainty and richly embellished volumes recall the delightful editions of the eighteenth century and the aim of the publishers is to issue mainly those classics which have not been greatly reprinted in recent years. Goldsmith's "Life of Beau Nash," Le Sage's "Devil on Two Sticks," "The Memoirs

of Count Grammont" and "Decisive Battles of the World" are included in the first set.

Messrs. Blackwood have a Browning volume nearly ready for publication, the subject of which is not likely to awaken such pleasant anticipations as did the announcements of the books relating to the poet which have already been published this year. When the comments of Carlyle, Tennyson and others concerning "Sordello" are recalled, it takes some courage to undertake "An Exposition of Browning's Sordello." The work of the audacious writer, David Duff, B.D., "consists of a full paraphrase of the poem, with synopses of the different sections, side-notes, and notes on historical and literary references."

The disturbed condition of Natal will cause numerous readers of fiction to return with interest to Mr. Rider Haggard's stories in which that country and its native races are depicted. In "Nada the Lily" and "Allan Quatermain" the author is on his favourite ground. Not only does he give vivid descriptions of the country, and the racial characteristics of its people, but embodies these in interesting and dramatic stories. Sixpenny reprints of both of them are published by Messrs. George Newnes, Ltd.

Dr. Jamieson Hurry, of Reading, the author of an exhaustive history of Reading Abbey, is about to publish through Mr. Elliot Stock a new and smaller work, entitled "The Rise and Fall of Reading Abbey." It will take a narrative form, but will give extracts from ancient documents, illustrations of seals, coins, charters, plans, as well as many illustrations of the building and its surroundings.

The late Mr. Thomas W. Shore, author of the "History of Hampshire," left behind him the manuscript of an exhaustive work on the "Origin of the Anglo-Saxon Race," to which he had devoted a great part of his life. It deals principally with the vexed question of the settlement of England and the Tribal origin of the Old English people. The work will be edited by his two sons, and will be published by Mr. Elliot Stock very shortly.

CORRESPONDENCE

AUTHORS' MISTAKES

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—You ask instances of authors' errors. In "The Antiquary" where Sir Arthur and Miss Wardour are overtaken by the tide at the foot of cliffs on the East Coast of Scotland, Sir Walter Scott describes the sun setting in the ocean, *i.e.*, the east.

W. P.

April 15.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I notice in this week's ACADEMY, that you ask for examples of mistakes made by authors. The following is a good, though perhaps not very obvious example of an anachronism.

In Grillparzer's *Sappho*, Act i., scene iii., occur the following lines, in which Phaon describes the impression that Sappho's verse made upon him:

> Jetzt kam der Tag für des Gesanges Kämpfe
> Alkäos sang, Anakreon—umsonst!
> Sie konnten meiner Sinne Band nicht lösen.

Now Alcaeus lived from about 611 to 580 B.C., while Anacreon flourished about 530 B.C.

It is true that the exact dates of the birth and death of these early Greek lyric poets are uncertain, but it seems fairly obvious that Alcaeus and Anacreon could not have competed together as the dramatist depicts.

As I only possess the plain text of the play, I have been unable to ascertain what view the editors take of this passage.

P. P. SELVER.

April 17.

AUTHOR WANTED

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I shall be grateful if you or one of your readers will be so kind as to answer the following inquiry.

In October 1872, I was present at a Reading given by the late Mr. J. C. M. Bellew at the Pavilion at Brighton. One of the pieces read was a poem called, I think, "The Captive Knight." The story of it was that a crusader knight, who had been taken prisoner by the Saracens and confined in a castle, heard in the distance the notes of a trumpet of his comrades. His hopes of a rescue were aroused and became stronger as the trumpet sounded nearer and nearer, but they were dashed and ultimately destroyed by the receding and final disappearance of the sound. The poem expressed the feelings of the Knight, that he was supposed to be the speaker. The charm of the reading was greatly increased by a trumpet accompaniment.

For long I thought that the author of the poem was Mrs. Hemans, but I have lately searched her works once or twice and cannot find it. Will you kindly help me?

J. W. C.

Reading, *April* 14.

"PARADISE LOST" IN RUSSIA

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Your reference to Mr. Maurice Baring's statement of the fondness of the Russian peasant for "Paradise Lost," reminds me that some months ago a correspondent of one of the papers (was it Mr. Baring?) mentioned he had discovered this in a journey with the Russian troops to Manchuria. He also added that there were *several* translations in the Russian language. It certainly strikes an Englishman as remarkable. Could not one of your Russian readers oblige us with some information on this interesting subject?

H. D. BARCLAY.

April 16.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ART.

The Highlands and Islands o Scotland. Painted by W. Smith, Jnr.; described by A. R. Hope Moncrieff. 9×6¾. Pp. 232. Black, 10s. net.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Elizabeth Montagu, the Queen of the Blue-Stockings. Her Correspondence from 1720 to 1761. By her Great-Great-Niece, Emily J. Climenson. With illustrations. 2 vols. 9×5¾. Pp. 601. Murray, 36s. net.

Cestre, Charles. *John Thelwall.* A Pioneer of Democracy and Social Reform in England during the French Revolution. 7¾×5¼. Pp. 204. Sonnenschein, 2s. 6d.

[Dr. Cestre sees Thelwall as "a representative of obscure mental tendencies in England . . . suddenly brought from potentiality into act . . . by the shock of the French Revolution."]

Cartellieri, Dr. Alexander. *Philipp II. August Konig von Frankreich.* Band II. *Der Kreuzzug (1187–1191)* mit vier Stammtafeln. 9¼×5⅝. Pp. xxxi, 360, and the four genealogical tables. Leipzig: Dyksche Buchhandlung. Paris: Le Soudier. n.p.

[The Second Volume of Dr. Cartellieri's great work. Bibliography and Index.]

Little Flowers of a Childhood: the record of a child. 8×5¼. Pp. xv, 167. Moring, 3s. 6d. net.

[The record of a boy who died at the age of four. With Portraits.]

EDUCATION.

Eggar, W. D. *A Manual of Geometry.* 7½×5¼. Pp. xxiii, 325. Macmillan, 3s. 6d.

[The author has rearranged the subject-matter of his "Practical Exercises in Geometry" in accordance with the Cambridge Schedule for the Previous Examination, and introduced the theorems along with the practical work.]

Board of Education. *Report for the year 1904 on the Victoria and Albert Museum, the Royal Colleges of Science and of Art, the Geographical Survey and Museum, and on the work of the Solar Physics Committee.* 9⅝×6½. Pp. 128. H.M. Stationery Office, 1s. 4d.

The Royal University of Ireland. *Examination Papers*: a supplement to the University Calendar for the year 1906. 8⅛×5¼. Pp. 788. Dublin: University Press. n.p.

Peaker, Fredk. *British Citizenship*: its rights and its duties. With a preface by Sir John Lawson Walton, Attorney-General. 7½×5¼. Pp. 159. Ralph, Holland, 2s.

[Mr. Peaker's object is to raise the standard of popular knowledge of public affairs. His book is in four divisions: The Legislature; Executive Government; The Judiciary; Local Government: with a chronology of constitutional history and an Index. His handling of the subjects is brief, clear and complete.]

Fiedler, H. G., and Sandbach, F. E. *A First German Reader for Science Students*, comprising a Reader and Outline of Grammar with diagrams and vocabulary. 9×6. Pp. x, 99. Moring, 2s. 6d. net.

FICTION.

Anstey, F. *Salted Almonds.* 7¾×5¼. Pp. vi. 312. Smith, Elder, 6s. (See p. 381.)

Vachell, Horace Annesley. *The Face of Clay.* 7⅝×5⅛. Pp. 363. Murray, 6s. (See p. 381.)

McCarthy, Justin Huntly. *The Flower of France.* 8×5¼. Pp. 323. Hurst & Blackett, 6s.

Hill, Headon. *The Avenger.* 7¾×5¼. Pp. 320. Ward, Lock, 6s.

Read, Opie. *Old Lim Jucklin.* The Opinions of an open-air Philosopher. 7¾×5¼. Pp. 262. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.

Wister, Owen. *Lady Baltimore.* With Illustrations by Vernon Howe Bailey and Lester Ralph. 7⅞×5⅛. Pp. 406. Macmillan, 6s.

Triana, S. Perez. *Tales to Sonny.* With four illustrations by Dorothy Furniss. 5½×4⅜. Pp. 72. Treherne, 1s. net.

Holland, Rupert Sargent. *The Count at Harvard.* Being an Account of the Adventures of a Young Gentleman of Fashion at Harvard University. 7⅝×5⅛. Pp. 320. Boston: Page, $1.50.

Sigerson, Dora. *The Story and Song of Black Roderick.* 7⅛×5⅜. Pp. 82. Moring, 3s. 6d. net.

[Contains some of Mrs. Clement Shorter's beautiful lyrics.]

Rean, Amy. *The Best Beloved* and other Allegories. 7⅝×4⅞. Pp. 61. Fifield, 1s. net.

HISTORY.

The Cambridge Modern History. Planned by the late Lord Acton. Edited by A. W. Ward, G. W. Prothero, Stanley Leathes. Vol. ix. *Napoleon.* 9½×7. Pp. xxviii, 946. Cambridge University Press, 16s. net.

[The Consulate, by George Pariset. The Armed Neutrality, 1780–1801, by T. A. Walker and H. W. Wilson. The Pacification of Europe and France and her Tributaries, 1801–3, by Anton Guillaud. France under the Empire, 1804–14, by Professor Pariset. The Codes, by H. A. L. Fisher. The Concordats, by L. G. Wickham-Legg. The Command of the Sea, 1803–15, by H. W. Wilson. The Third Coalition, by Colonel E. M. Lloyd. The Napoleonic Empire at its height, 1807–9, by J. Holland Rose. The War of 1809, by August Keim. The Continental System, 1809–14, by J. Holland Rose. The French Dependencies and Switzerland, 1800–14, by H. A. L. Fisher and Professor Guillaud. The Peninsular War, 1808–14, by C. W. C. Oman. Russia under Alexander I., and the Invasion of 1812, by Eugen Stschepkin. The War of Liberation, 1813–4, by Julius von Pflugk-Harttung. The First Restoration, 1814–15, by H. A. L. Fisher. The Congress of Vienna, I., 1814–15, and II., 1815, by A. W. Ward. The Hundred Days, 1815, by Professor Oman. Great Britain and Ireland, 1792–1815, by G. P. Gooch. The British Empire, 1783–1815, by W. H. Hutton and H. E. Egerton. St. Helena, by H. A. L. Fisher. Bibliographies and Index.]

Ancient Records of Egypt. *Historical Documents* from the earliest times to the Persian Conquest, collected, edited and translated with commentary by James Henry Breasted, Ph.D. Vol. ii. *The Eighteenth Dynasty.* 9½×6⅝. Pp. xxviii, 428. Chicago: University Press. London: Luzac, $3.00.

[For vol. i. see the ACADEMY, March 3, 1906, p. 213.]

LITERATURE.

Dalbiac, Lilian. *Dictionary of Quotations (German).* With authors' and subjects' indexes. 8⅛×6. Pp. vi, 485. Sonnenschein, 7s. 6d.

[Each quotation is translated, the translation being taken from "the best existing sources."]

Loliée, Frédéric. *A Short History of Comparative Literature from the earliest times to the present day.* Translated by Mr. Douglas Power. 8⅛×6. Pp. xii, 381. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s. net.

[M. Loliée's book appears here in an English dress, which, so far as we have tested it, seems to be creditably carried out. Of the book itself we shall have more to say.]

The Madonna of the Poets. 6⅞×4½. Pp. 126, xix. Burns & Oates, 2s. 6d. net.

(See p. 374.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

Van Dyke, Henry. *Fisherman's Luck,* and some other uncertain things Illustrated, 7¾×5⅛. Pp. 285. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.

[Twelve sketches, mainly concerning fishing. American. Index.]

The Century Magazine. Vol. lxxi.—November 1905-April 1906. 10×7. Pp. 978. Macmillan, 10s. 6d.

St. Nicholas: an illustrated magazine for Young Folks. Vol. xxxiii. November 1905—April 1906. 9⅜×7¼. Pp. 576. Macmillan, 6s.

Twenty Years' Railway Statistics, 1886–1906. 6⅜×3½. Pp. 208. Mathieson, 1s.

List of Works on the Tariffs of Foreign Countries. Compiled under the direction of Appleton Prentiss Clark Griffin. 10×7½. Pp. 42. Library of Congress. Washington: Government Printing Office. n.p.

[A briefly annotated catalogue of the books on this subject in the Library of Congress. General; Continental Tariff Union; France; Germany; Switzerland; Italy; Russia; Canada.]

Magnússon, Eirikr. *Notes on Shipbuilding and nautical terms of old in the North.* A paper read before the Viking Club Society for Northern Research. 8⅞×5½. Pp. 62. Moring, 1s. net.

[Includes a glossarial Index.]

Platt, William. *London and Londoners,* a book without statistics. 7½×5. Pp. 92. Simpkin, Marshall, paper 1s. net, cloth 2s. net.

[Aims at giving "a really vivid and faithful picture of this London of ours, and the chief characteristics of the Londoners who inhabit it."]

Gonner, E. C. K. *Interest and Saving.* 7⅞×5⅛. Pp. xv, 172. Macmillan, 3s. 6d. net.

[The normal and necessary existence of interest in society as it is, is briefly treated, and the main aim of the two essays is an analysis of the connection between interest and the process of saving whereby wealth is accumulated and capital supplied.]

The Case for further Strand Improvement, 1906. Edited by Mark H. Judge. 10⅝×7⅝. Pp. 30. Williams & Norgate. n.p.

[The memorials to the County Council, reports of meetings, etc., and a list of members, of the Further Strand Improvement Committee, which has been formed to "promote a revision of the planning of the Strand so that the roadway may have its natural course direct to and from the Courts of Justice." With illustrations and plans.]

PHILOSOPHY.

Craig, Wm. Y., formerly M.P. for North Staffordshire. *An Essay on Man and Christian Civilisation.* 7¾×5⅛. Pp. viii, 237. Constable, 5s. net.

POETRY.

Cranmer-Byng, L. *An English Rose.* 6¾ × 5⅛. Pp. 48. Elkin Mathews, paper 1s. net, cloth 1s. 6d. net.

[Forty Sonnets and a few "Dialogues with Sa'di" by a writer who is well known for his work on Mr. Murray's "Wisdom of the East" series, besides his own "Odes to Confucius" and other works.]

Gurdon, John. *Dramatic Lyrics.* 7⅜ × 5⅛. Pp. 101. Elkin Mathews, 3s. 6d. net.

[The influence of Swinburne and Rossetti is very clear; but Mr. Gurdon has strength enough of his own to be no mere imitator. His verses show a rich and full music.]

POLITICAL.

Lord Curzon in India, being a Selection from his speeches as Viceroy and Governor-General of India, 1898–1905. With a portrait, explanatory notes and an Index, and with an Introduction by Sir Thomas Raleigh, K.C.S., Legal Member of the Governor-General's Council, 1899–1904. 9×6. Pp. lii, 597. Macmillan, 12s. net.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

Robinson Crusoe, by Daniel Defoe. 6⅜×4⅛. Pp. 597. Nelson, 6d. net.

Bohn's Standard Library. *A View of the English Stage,* or a series of dramatic criticisms by William Hazlitt. Edited by W. Spencer Jackson. 7½×5. Pp. xxiv, 358. Bell, 3s. 6d.

[Mr. Jackson gives a brief introduction and there is a good index. He has compared the edition of 1818, of which this is a reprint, with the original newspaper articles, and supplied with brackets what was omitted.]

Pierce the Ploughmans Crede (about 1394, A.D.), transcribed and edited from MS. Trin. Coll., Cam., R. 3. 15, collated with MS. Bibl. Reg. 18. B. xvii in the British Museum, and with the old printed text of 1553. Edited by the Rev. Walter W. Skeat. 6⅞×4⅝. Pp. xxxii, 73. Clarendon Press, 2s.

The Christ in Shakespeare. Shakespeare and the Bible. *Shakespeare.* A Reading from the Merchant of Venice. Shakespeariana. Sonnets with the Scriptural Harmonies. Interpreted by Charles Ellis. 7⅛×5⅞. Pp. 288. London: Bethnal Green Free Library, 2s. 6d.

[This book was issued by Houlston and Sons in 1897, and some of it at least was published by Bagster in 1896. It consists mainly of excerpts from Shakespeare with parallel or similar passages from the Bible printed on the opposite page; many pages of Shakespeariana, original verses by the author, and the critical opinions of others occur in different parts of the book.]

Nelson's New Century Library. *The Count of Monte Cristo,* by A. Dumas. In two vols. Pp. 1461. The Breakfast Table Series. By O. W. Holmes. *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-table; The Professor at the Breakfast-table; The Poet at the Breakfast-table.* In one vol. Pp. 810. Each 6½×4½. Nelson, leather 2s. 6d. net, cloth 2s. net per vol.

[India Paper; large type.]

Seeley's Miniature Portfolio Monographs. *Gainsborough,* by Sir Walter Armstrong. Pp. xi, 222, with 32 plates. *The New Forest,* by C. J. Cornish. Pp. xii, 222, with 32 plates. Each 6⅜×4. Seeley, 2s. net each.

The Simple Life Series. Salt, H. S. *Richard Jefferies, his life and his ideals.* Pp. vi, 119. Crosby, Ernest. *Tolstoy and his message.* Pp. 93. Each 7×4½. Fifield, each 6d. net.

SCIENCE.

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[It was Dr. Ridding's intention to publish these charges. Lady Laura Ridding has omitted matters of local and temporary interest; since her forthcoming life of the Bishop will contain the information here omitted on the organisation and ordering of the diocese. The book has been very carefully and thoroughly edited, the sources of many of the quotations having been traced, and there is a full Index.]

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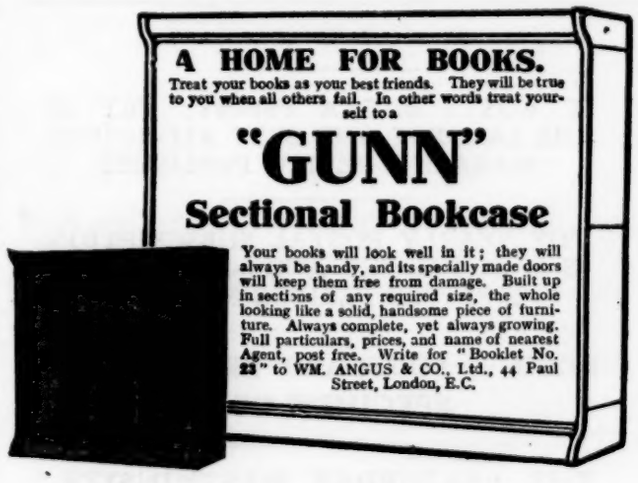
THE BOOKSHELF

We have before us Part 2 (6d. net) of Messrs. Newnes's *Atlas of the World's Commerce* (see The Academy, March 7, 1906, p. 269). Mr. Taylor's "Description and Geographical Distribution of the Principal Commodities of Commerce" is carried from Bluestone to Chicory: and the sheets, which agree in the main features with the two described in our number mentioned above, deal with Sugar and Cotton. We observe one thing with regard to this atlas—that, however little one may be interested in Commerce, one meets over and over again with admirable maps of various parts of the world, which will be as useful to the student of history or literature as to the economist. In the Sugar Map there are six inset smaller maps on a larger scale, in the Cotton Map, five. Among them are two different maps of India, each supplying something that the other lacks, and both wonderfully clear. We are beginning to think that the *Atlas of the World's Commerce* will end in being the safest and clearest guide to people who are studying subjects of all kinds. There can be no question that to the student of economics and commerce it is unique and indispensable.

The first edition of Mr. W. W. Vernon's *Readings on the Inferno of Dante* was reviewed at length by L. Villari in the Academy of April 28, 1894. We have now received the second edition (2 vols. Methuen, 15s. net), which has been re-written to an extent that almost renders it a new work. The Readings are addressed almost exclusively to beginners, though they contain much which will be found valuable by the serious student. It would be difficult to imagine a better "scorta fida" than Mr. Vernon for one making his first acquaintance with the Divina Commedia. The text is printed in groups of a few terzine at a time, followed by a literal prose translation. These groups are joined together by a commentary or exegesis in large print; while questions of variant readings, obscure meanings, uncertain references—in short, all the Dante difficulties—are dealt with in notes in small type at the foot of the page. Thus the beginner, who is bewildered at the same time by the unfamiliarity of the language, the difficulty of the thought, and the never-ceasing allusiveness of Dante, is enabled to pick out at a glance from Mr. Vernon's book exactly what help or explanation he desires, and leave further subtleties till he is better prepared to grapple with them. The author aims chiefly at two things: one, to give the student an accurate verbal understanding of Dante's text; the other, to supply a reasonable and authoritative explanation of the allegorical, historical and theological implication which is to be found in every part of the poem. He is peculiarly well equipped for the accomplishment of both these aims. In the first place, Mr. Vernon's familiarity with the Tuscan, and especially the Florentine speech gives him an enviable advantage over students who only know Italian from books; for the language of Dante will never be understood unless it be recognised that he wrote in Tuscan and not in Italian as we know it. Many bookish students might be surprised—to take instances at random—at seeing "conca" translated as "cavity," and not "shell," "terra" as "city," and "bruno" as "black." But Mr. Vernon produces abundant evidence to prove that the primitive meaning in Tuscan of the word "conca" is an earthenware vessel in the form of a truncated cone, that "terra" is Tuscan for "città," and that "bruno" is Tuscan for "nero," the Tuscan for "bruno" being "marrone." Secondly, as to the further understanding of the poem. The Readings are based chiefly on the Latin commentary of Benvenuto da Imola, the intimate friend of Petrarch, who wrote about fifty years after the completion of the Divina Commedia. His utterances are valuable, because, although he was not a Tuscan but a Bolognese, he was near enough to Dante's time to speak in the full light of tradition and to understand many of the personal and historical allusions in the poem which have by the lapse of time become obscure or unintelligible, without some explanation such as he was in a position to supply. Such in brief are the qualifications of Mr. Vernon's Readings to be considered the best book for the English beginner in the study of Dante. The only criticisms we would venture to make apply to certain passages here and there where the author seems to fall below his usual standard of accuracy, adequacy and clarity. For instance, on p. 9 of vol. i., in commenting on the line, "la notte ch' i' passai con tanta pièta," he quotes Blanc to the effect that Dante here uses "this poetical form instead of pietà in the sense of *anguish, torment, grief*"; but on p. 42 of vol. ii. the obviously correct explanation is given, taken fom the Vocabolario della Crusca, saying that "pièta" is a poetical word, *not to be confounded with pietà=pity, compassion*, and means "anguish, pain, torment." On p. 29 of vol. i. occurs the phrase, "to travel by a different way from what he is doing," which startling piece of English is most unfortunately kept in countenance by one on p. 59 of vol. ii.: "and this will suffice to know about the first valley, and of they whom it holds in its fangs." On p. 95 of vol. i., talking of the abdication of Pope Celestine V., it is said that "the saintliness of the man by no means reconciled the Catholic universe to a Pope, *whose office invested him with infallibility*, acknowledging before the world his utter incapacity, his undeniable fallibility." Considering that Papal infallibility has only been made a necessary article of faith in our own time, the phrase above in italics seems to us somewhat misleading, applied to a Pope who resigned in the year 1294. Finally, on p. 248 of vol. ii., the word "assai" is rendered "enough," and on p. 286 of the same volume, "orecchi" is translated "eyes." We have dwelt on these inaccuracies and oversights merely because they are small imperfections in a really first-rate work of scholarship: they are not sufficiently numerous and important seriously to impair its undoubted and well-known value.

The Happy Motorist, by Filson Young (E. Grant Richards, 3s. 6d net). In his latest book on motoring Mr. Filson Young has avoided technicalities, and dealt with his subject from the point of view of the man who, though willing enough to follow the prevailing fashion and replace his horsed carriages by motors, hesitates to make the exchange through sheer ignorance of all that pertains to the new locomotion. Hitherto the literature of automobilism has for the most part been far above the heads of "the common herd," who have yet to be initiated into the mysteries of sparking-plugs and change-speed gears. There are, doubtless, many, therefore, who will be duly grateful for "The Happy Motorist" with its brightly written chapters on the choice of a car, the management of the motor house, the duties of the driver, the little car, the family car, driving, equipment, and many other matters of supreme importance to those about to join the ranks of automobilists. Mr. Young has the gift of imparting useful advice in a singularly attractive fashion, but he is perhaps at his best when he forsakes the practical for the ideal, and speaks of the fascination the pastime possesses for its votaries. His own enthusiasm for the joys of the open road is revealed in every line, and his chapter on "The Happiest Motorist" must touch a responsive chord in the heart of many a veteran in the ranks of automobilists. "The beginning of things, the youth of the world, the childhood of life, these are Eternal Emblems of a happy freshness that lives incorruptibly in the memory, and retains its perfume of pleasure through years of custom or disillusionment. In any new discovery—especially one like motoring, which is associated with the world out of doors and brings into exhilarating contact with natural things—this freshness is the more acutely felt, because it is allied with a certain instinct of deep and binding root; a strong natural gladness that moves in the blood when the man of a civilised and indoor existence is led out into the sun. Truly the happiest day for the motorist, if he be young in years or heart, is that day upon which, for the first time he takes command of his marvellous toy."

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